

THE
CHINESE
SOLDIER
AND
OTHER
SKETCHES
BY
ALFRED
CUNNINGHAM

PRICE 3s. 6d.

水陸華軍戰陣誌

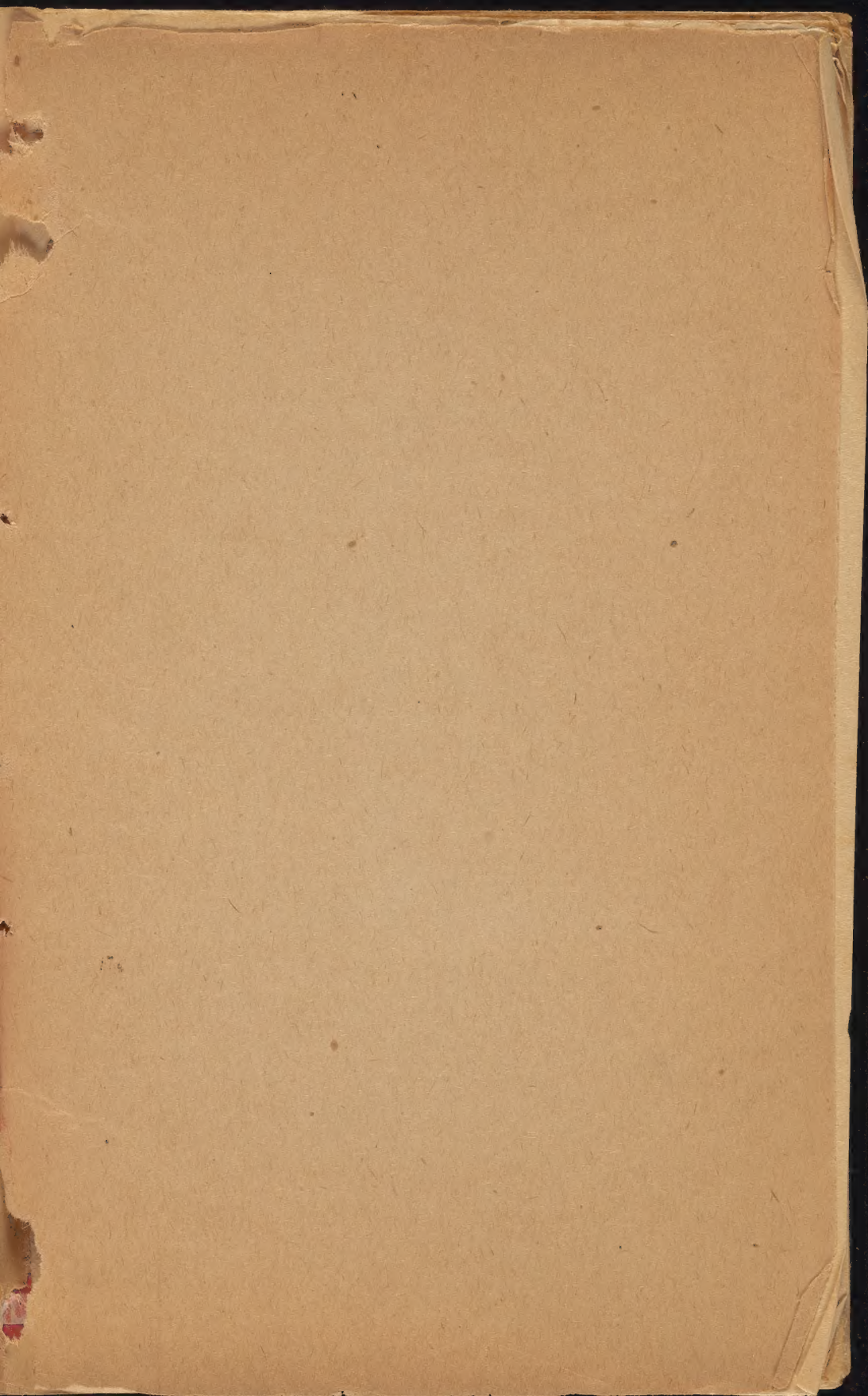
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WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE

CAPTURE OF MANILA,

BY

ALFRED CUNNINGHAM,

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Spanish-American War. Member China
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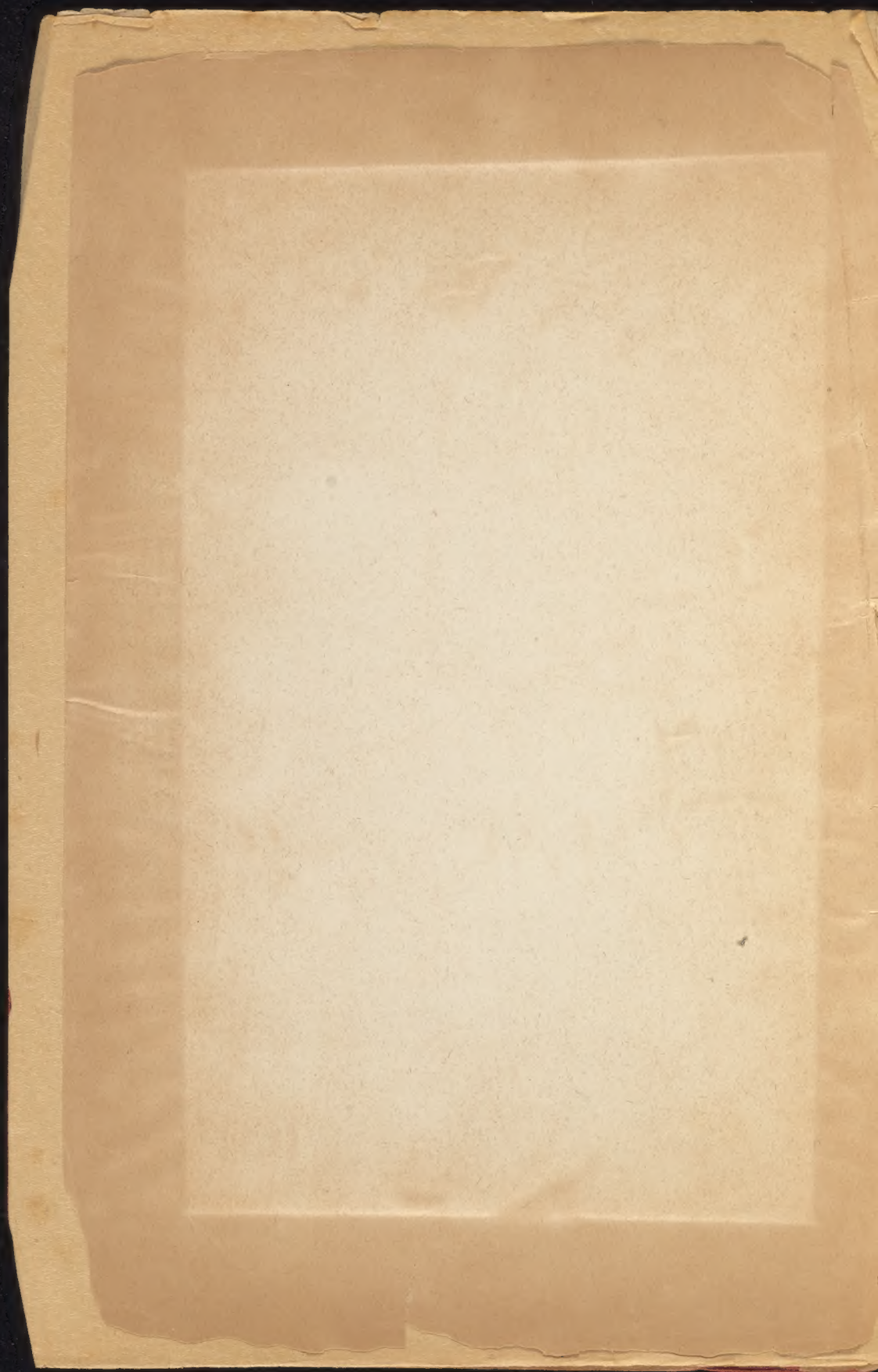


Facsimile reproduction of title page of the
"Peking Gazette."

水戰高麗得勝圖



Chinese Illustration of a Naval Fight.
Chinese Gunboat is seen destroying Japanese Cruiser.
(Purchased by the author on the Grand Canal. Thousands of
these pictures were sold.)



INTRODUCTION.

THE writer in presenting the following sketches of Chinese and Filipino characteristics has not attempted to pose as a sinologue. He has not sought to produce entertaining fiction, but has endeavoured to describe facts which came within his experience. The description of the siege of Manila was inserted because he was one of the two correspondents who went through it (for a New York paper) and beyond the newspaper files the siege from the Spanish side is unrecorded. The writer's grateful thanks are due to Sir Edward Chichester, Mr. H. A. Ramsden and Mr. J. D. Clark.

A. C.

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A CHINESE RED CROSS HOSPITAL.

IT was an experiment, but unfortunately it was an innovation. The Chinese are not adverse to experiments—they are rather partial to them if such Western fads be accompanied by a judicious flow of dollars. The Doctor's scheme, however, was distinctly an innovation—it was to provide a hospital from Chinese funds, without the usual subscription list being passed round the nearest foreign community, or pecuniary help solicited from the various local missions. The missionaries would give their prayerful support—the Treaty Ports represented by their Press would enthusiastically commend it as the “approaching reform of China,” and would bestow their moral support—but no dollars. Consequently it was an innovation, a Western scheme without

even the omnipresent compradore to recommend it. The Doctor laboured hard and unceasingly to promote his scheme, yet apparently with little success. The Chinese gentry, it is true, commended it, because a Red Cross Hospital was much in harmony with Confucian as well as Christian teaching, but their conversation drifted on to other matters, or they were despairingly obtuse when the Doctor came down to finance.

The Doctor, however, was a missionary and had an unfailing belief in the efficacy of prayer. He prayed.

I came on the scene some time later and I heard part of the story from the Doctor's own lips; the rest came within my experience. After much unsuccessful canvassing and much praying—the Doctor taking encouragement from appropriate passages of scripture—his efforts received the benediction of success.

The Doctor's sudden victory came about this way. The negotiations be-

tween China and Japan had come to an abrupt conclusion with the sinking of the transport *Kowshing*. War between China and Japan had commenced, and in the absence of any hospital accommodation for the army assembled at Weihaiwei, Ninghai and Chefoo, the Doctor again pressed his pet scheme; which was to provide a hospital near the settlement at Chefoo for the reception of wounded Chinese soldiers. This time he addressed himself to the venerable General Ping, who, with the reputation of having been a fighter in his youth, was sent to command the troops at Ninghai and district.

The extraordinary part was that Ping did not hesitate to consider the Doctor's proposals. As a rule a Chinese official desires half-a-dozen interviews for preliminaries, six more for discussion, and another six for consideration and—rejection. You cannot rush things in China. The Chinese official carries the weight of

thirty centuries' civilisation and its prejudices behind him; with such a responsibility he declines to be rushed—he is quite right! But in this case the Ping of four score years and ten rushed the doctor. He was convinced that hospitals, or what in China would pass as such, existed there some centuries before the historical institution in Rome was heard of. There were no red or any other coloured crosses waving over them, but that did not matter. The Chinese were not Christians and, with due deference to the Doctor's profession, would never be. Yet Ping was much in favour of the Red Cross. "That belong proper show pidgin" and they must have that—if, say, they had no clinical instruments. Ping was emphatic on that point, and though, as the Doctor knew, China was no party to the Geneva Convention, he welcomed Ping's decision. The Cross was symbolical of the Christian religion—it was surely an answer to prayer.

The next step was to secure a building. There was no time to build a hospital, for Admiral Ting's fleet had been nearly finished at the Yalu, and was making for Weihaiwei for repairs, and to receive the promised assistance from the southern Viceregal fleets, which, however, never turned up.

Now Ping possessed a handsome family mansion on the seashore, which he magnanimously offered to the Doctor. This, he said, was nicely exposed on the coast, was near the "road" from Weihaiwei, and was within a few hundred yards of the Doctor's house. The Doctor was not exactly satisfied—he would have preferred a building less exposed, and one not adjoining a Chinese battery of breach-loading guns, but it was a case of Hobson's choice—this house or none, so the Doctor accepted it.

The work of organisation progressed enthusiastically and rapidly. Stores and medicines were laid in, and sympathisers from the nearest

Treaty Port inundated the Doctor with lint and bandages. Having got the hospital the next step was to get the staff. Several missionaries volunteered their lay services, and the Doctor was fortunate enough to secure a trained nurse. He had stretchers made, and secured a band of amiable "braves" from Ping as bearers. These he drilled daily to the delight of their comrades, and had them fittingly arrayed in new uniforms with red crosses on the sleeves. The bearers were a great success. They drilled well. The uniforms of several mysteriously disappeared, but the pawnbrokers later disgorged them.

About this time the Japanese attacked Weihaiwei and captured the southern land batteries, and the real work of the Doctor commenced. Then the bearers were weighed in the balance and found wanting. "Suppose you wanchee do drill pidgin, can savee, but no wanchee do all same that fightee pidgin!" The Doctor re-

minded them that they were soldiers first before they were ambulance men, and should not hesitate to enter the field of battle to collect the wounded. They emphatically informed him that they had left the fighting "pidgin" behind them and had put on new garments. They were now men of peace and refused to be coerced into going within range of the Japanese guns.

Their policy was "What for wan-chee go that side. Suppose any man makee hurt he can walkee this side, all same hospital. Suppose he no can walkee, he no belong use. Maskee!"

The doctor interviewed Ping, but he was too busily occupied in watching the front and securing his retreat.

The wounded now began to arrive. The first batch numbered about a dozen who had been wounded, it was said, by a Japanese advance guard from Ninghai. Much volley firing had been heard the previous day and Ping's men were bravely firing in sections far into

the night. I went to the front to see if the enemy were visible but failed to make out anything, though the Chinese were still firing.

It appeared to me to be something on the same principle as a watchman in China does his duty. He wanders through the compound at stated periods of the night violently beating a gong. His motive for this is twofold. The noise frightens the thief by announcing a vigilant watchman, and at the same time acquaints the master with the fact that his watchman is not sleeping! The volley firing was much on the same lines; it was meant as an intimidation to the Japanese.

They brought in the wounded next day—at least those wounded who could walk came in—the ambulance brigade did not bring them. Then the Doctor found that the men were wounded with Mauser and not Japanese bullets, and as the Chinese only used the Mauser it was conclusive that the Chinese had been

shooting down their own men. This, of course, Ping and his officers would not discuss: it was an aberration of the barbarian intellect.

Two Japanese cruisers appeared off the point and saluted the battery with shell, but on their appearance the Red Cross flag was promptly run up over the hospital, and the building was untouched.

Then occurred an incident which proved the worthlessness of the ambulance brigade and terminated their services. The weather was bitterly cold, and as the Doctor hurried along the beach to the hospital in a biting wind, he congratulated himself that he had brought his Chinese ear-covers. He was earlier than usual in his visit—hence the climax.

The principle underlying all Chinese character high or low is "No can see, no can savee." It is the same in the house coolie as in the mandarin. In happy ignorance of the Doctor's early approach his friends the ambulance

men had calmly stripped the dozen wounded of every blanket, had borrowed the stove from the sick ward to supplement their own; in fact, had taken everything from the wounded that would add to their own comfort, and were engrossed, when the Doctor looked in, in the delights of "fan-tan." The Doctor, remembering his calling, did not swear. He lost his temper and ejected those bright Celestials from the precincts of the hospital rather more forcibly than was necessary. They never returned, nor did they ever send back their uniforms.

The Doctor was disheartened, but the final stroke was yet to fall. He found a ready sympathiser in Ping, and as Japanese cruisers acquired the habit of rounding the point and dropping in a shell or two at the fort, the Doctor readily acquiesced in the hoisting of the Red Cross daily on the flag-staff of the hospital.

One night, contrary to his custom, the Doctor thought he would walk



Chinese Illustration of a Japanese defeat. A very popular type of picture.



over to the hospital. He was pleased to see that the new batch of "braves" the general had lent him as nurses were awake and watchful in their duties—for lights were streaming through the darkness from every window. He had some difficulty in obtaining an entry—the doors being extra bolted against intruders. And then what a sight he beheld! The hospital was an arsenal! The sick had been temporarily removed to some obscure cockloft, and, under the protection of the Red Cross flag, were being manufactured every class of ammunition—from field shells to rifle bullets. The general's lieutenant—with a smile "childlike and bland"—came forward to greet him. The Doctor demanded an explanation. He got one. Those who know the Chinese will understand its nature. The Doctor turned and left, and as he passed through the sacred portals of the building consecrated to the alleviation of human suffering, he swore,

a very expressive English word—it was a biblical word—consequently the Recording Angel, recognising the Doctor's tribulation, ignored it.

The cross of Geneva was hauled down the next day; the Doctor did it with his own hands despite the General's surprise and protest—that “that Japan man—he no savee no, belong proper!” The Doctor removed it to his house and the Chinese hospital was closed, for with the loss of the flag the ammunition makers declined to take an obvious risk.

II.

CHINESE SOLDIERS AS PATIENTS.

NOT daunted though much discouraged by the incidents detailed in the last chapter, the Doctor resolved to persevere in his good work, and determined that while the war lasted such sick and wounded who applied for relief should receive it.

The Doctor was well acquainted with Chinese character, and on most occasions it was difficult for the Celestial to bluff him. As a missionary he was one of the shrewdest I have met in China, and he summed up the would-be-convert very well. In this he was an exception to the average missionary, and was a clever man, much too skilled to have wasted his ability in a remote corner of Shantung healing diseased Chinamen and trusting to convert them.

He could easily have made a big practice at Shanghai by attending sick nationals. There was not a man in North China more universally respected than the late Doctor, and he died recently, at his post, in helping to pull through a fellow missionary. There was some reality in Christianity when the Doctor moved round. This cannot be said of all missionaries in China, who often reveal the faith of a St. Paul, with an absence of his forbearance and discretion where in above all places they are so much needed.

The Doctor therefore converted his small chapel into a receiving ward—the vestries were transformed into operating rooms and the out-houses into sick wards. He soon had his hands full. The Japanese were pressing their attack and had taken all the land forts and were turning the Chinese guns of those shore batteries on to Itau and Liukungtau islands and the Chinese fleet.

The weather was intensely cold. The Doctor said it was the severest winter that Shantung had experienced for twenty years. The decks of the warships as they came into Chefoo were coated with ice, and long icicles depended from the guns.

The sufferings of the poor Chinese soldiers were intense. The Chinese "braves" did not take the field with great coats or comfortable kits. If they possessed underneath their gaudy cotton tunic of red and blue a cotton-padded jacket and pants they were indeed fortunate. Their protection against enemy and climate was the "camp," and when they fled from that they left everything. Many, however, had the thick leather rain boots, which, though clumsy, were useful, in protecting their feet. The "brave," as a general rule, huddled into battle and out of it with his hands strongly clasped together inside his voluminous sleeves and gripping his rifle with his arm against his body.

Very often to facilitate his retreat he would drop his rain boots and slip on straw sandals, for he had an abiding fear of Japanese bullets after the first fight, and risked frost bite to escape them.

The Chinese wounded used to arrive in batches of ten and twenty. They would march together and when tired sit together for warmth. There were daily scenes of comradeship, for even the much abused, much squeezed and much degraded Chinese "brave" would stand by and help a wounded comrade. Five out of every ten who presented themselves were suffering from severe frost bite in their limbs and so far gone that it meant amputation. Many had been shot in the legs and in dragging their weary way along, faint from want of food, frost bite had naturally attacked their numbed limbs.

Most of them preferred to suffer amputation without chloroform; they were wonderfully cheerful and patient considering. Whilst the Doctor was

attending to one the rest of the wounded would crowd round the chapel stove, detailing their valorous experiences, and happy and content in spite of their wounds in having found rice and shelter even in the barbarian house.

None seemed to be aware who their enemies really were, or what they were fighting for; one and all firmly believed they were fighting against all foreigners in general—that China was tackling the united barbarian powers of the world, and would win.

Soon the Doctor had nearly one hundred indoor patients—for most of his cases were very bad. The Chinese Army, of course, had no medical field service and the men had tramped about twenty miles through mud, wind and snow. Two English naval doctors came down and assisted when at Chefoo, and once an American, but the surgeons on the other foreign men-of-war never came even upon a visit of curiosity, but they

may have been unaware of the existence of the hospital.

Once two missionaries came along, Americans, carrying ammunition belts and revolvers. Their display staggered the Doctor, but they said they were "prepared for emergencies." They offered to help but one turned faint at the first amputation and went home. The other followed suit and they did not return.

The Chinese wounded showed wonderful physical energy. They appeared to be able to endure any physical pain without flinching. They mostly objected to mount the operating tables, and the chloroform cup frightened them. The Doctor was too busy to administer the drug and after a while left it to us—his lay assistants. We were doubtless somewhat awkward in handling them and perhaps rather indiscrete in our allowance when the patient was inclined to be obstreperous, though the Doctor generally measured off the quantity given.

There were numerous curious wounds. Many were injured with their own weapons, particularly the jingal, which had a more disastrous effect on those who fired it than on the Japanese. Two or three had their features blown away through this horrible weapon exploding. In some cases it was actually made of cast iron gaspipe mounted on a clumsy wooden stock, needing two men to fire it. Most of them had small, clean wounds, the Japanese bullets having penetrated through bone and flesh, and these wounds soon healed.

One day a chair sat down a Chinese General, who, we found, had been shot in the foot. He wanted special and private attendance, but could not get it, and had to rub shoulders with the "braves" in the chapel. Finally his turn came and it was found he had been shot through the instep, a clean wound resulting. He was a very big man, and after his wound

was dressed he left in his closed chair. A week later his head decorated a neighbouring pole, for it appeared he had commanded one of the land batteries, and the secret of his wound had leaked out. The argument of his superior was: "That no belong proper pidgin. Suppose he no run he no can catchee him foot shot bottom side. How fashion that belong general?" The evidence was too conclusive; they took off his head. They are more encouraging to generals in China than we are.

Another day a very bad case arrived. A soldier had been shot in the upper part of the right arm—the shot fracturing the humerus—and also below the right knee. He was a huge fellow—exceptionally so for a Chinaman. His right hand and right foot were frost-bitten—evidently caused through his wounds. The Doctor took off the soldier's arm, and we carried him outside and put him in the sun to recover consciousness. The sun was

not strong so we covered him with rugs to keep him warm—the soldier still retaining his trousers and belt with the small leathern purse attached, which the Chinese are never without. We asked several of the wounded, who had been dressed, to keep an eye on the man and keep him well covered. They cheerfully consented to look after him and they did. The man was to have his leg taken off when the Doctor thought he could bear it.

Shortly afterwards, on visiting this particular patient when he had recovered consciousness, he complained of having been robbed. His purse—on his right side—had been opened and the money extracted. The Doctor was indignant and we questioned those soldiers nearest the man who had promised to look after him. They admitted taking the money and argued: "That man he makee lose him arm. Him no have got arm no can takee money. By and bye him lose him

leg and must makee die; what for him wanchee "cash"?"

We got his money back and he died two days after his leg was amputated from exhaustion. But his money again went and we had no doubt his immediate neighbours—those Celestial good Samaritans who had promised to look after him—were the richer for the spoils.

There were other cases of interest—considerably so to the Doctors, who visited the hospital occasionally. Some of the wounds were really wonderful, the Japanese bullet, like the Mauser, having very great penetrating power.

The Doctor continued his humane work till the close of the War, and at last had the satisfaction of knowing that his labours were appreciated even by the Chinese Government, for they decorated him with the order of the Double Dragon.

III.

CHINESE SAILORS AT WEIHAIWEI.

IF the Chinese Army had in any way approached the Chinese Navy in the pluck and efficiency of its men, and in the training and ability of its officers, then the Chino-Japanese War of 1895 would have had a different result. The Chinese Army was composed of undisciplined hordes, armed hastily with every conceivable firearm that no ammunition train could keep supplied. Occasionally detachments of "foreign-drilled" troops were met with, but they, lacking the stamina of foreign leadership, were too small and their efforts too isolated to be of any use against foes made confident by an intimate knowledge of the Chinese character and its official ramifications. Mostly the

Chinese soldiers were "braves," *i.e.*, the village militiamen, the rowdies or the peasants tempted by flattering promises of good pay to enlist. The course of training after enlistment meant the donning of a gaudy tunic and overalls, the receipt of a rifle, or by preference, a jingal. Rifles were unappreciated; they unfortunately required a special cartridge suited to a special design, and the Chinese mandarins had drawn on all the designs known to invention. The jingal merely required powder and shot, being the Celestial blunderbuss—and, what was more, required two men to use it, so one had always the presence of the other to support him. Even then with lack of training, discipline, and ignorance of shooting, the Chinese Army in time might have done something had it possessed leaders who knew the rudiments of modern warfare. Its numbers allowed it to throw away many thousands for the sake of the balance becoming

useful, but its officers denied to it all possibility of success. When it is understood that in China the military profession is one which a Chinaman adopts usually as a last resource to redeem his character, or rather as a means of livelihood, it is not difficult to find a reason for the incompetency of the officers. The higher military posts, the positions of money, are of course filled by officials, whose sole reason for acceptance is an absence of anything better in civil life. Civilians are not partial to the military and they have weighty reasons for their prejudice.

In the Chinese Navy the Japanese found a different foe. The Chinese might have been the victors at Yalu had their shells not been filled with sand—and even these ran out. This was not the fault of the Admiral so much as the rascally mandarins responsible for the Ordnance Department. The Imperial Chinese Navy under the command of Admiral Ting was com-

posed of far different material to the Army. The officers had mostly received a European training, and a thorough one when Admiral Lang was at their head. The Chinese man-of-war's man was naturally a good sailor, recruited as he was from China's vast coast-line. The crews were well drilled by both native officers and European instructors, and if discipline was occasionally slack when the gambling instinct predominated, the men were well-trained and knew how to handle their guns, as the Japanese readily admitted. The Imperial Chinese Navy was modelled on the English Navy, as far as the peculations of the civil mandarins would permit. The Naval Officers stood apart in a new class by themselves; no one, however, with any respect for them would compare them with the Army Officers; in education and practical knowledge they were far above the Chinese civil officials. They were outsiders from the Chinese official point of view, but had

to be tolerated because the exigencies of coast defence demanded the Navy. They with their men fought a good fight at Weihaiwei; one that should go down in the history of the naval fights of the world.

The Chinese island fortress of Liukungtao, with the remaining vessels of the Chinese Navy, surrendered to the Japanese Admiral on Tuesday, the 12th of February, 1895. The joint attack by the Japanese Army and Navy on the Chinese position at Weihaiwei commenced on the 30th of January and lasted thirteen days, during which period the Chinese fleet was almost destroyed, the land forts captured and the fort on Itau island demolished. The attack was made by a combined naval and land force, consisting of a fleet of about twenty-five men-of-war, numerous torpedo-boats, and an army of twenty-five thousand men. The Chinese force consisted of about seven large men-of-war, thirteen torpedo-boats, six small gunboats, pro-

tected by the impregnable fortress of Liukungtao and the small fort on Itau island. Chinese soldiers also held the land forts, six in number, on the north and south side of the harbour. During the attack the Japanese fleet received but trifling damage; they lost two or three torpedo-boats, and sustained, as was generally believed, a somewhat heavy loss among their men.

The surrender of Liukungtao was due to three causes: The desertion of the Chinese soldiers; the mutiny of the Chinese sailors and soldiers, and to the failure of the Futai or other authorities to send promised reinforcements.

The commander of the land forces distributed among the six forts at Weihaiwei was General Liu, and if there was any official on whom the doom of decapitation righteously fell it was on that officer. He was a typical Chinese official; arrogant, mercenary, and a thorough coward. Two days before the Japanese army advanced on the three southern forts, two English warrant

officers in the Chinese service, named Thomas and Walpole, proceeded to the forts in order to arrange a charge for exploding the guns in those forts when it was thought necessary. The chief object being, of course, that those guns if taken by the Japanese should not be turned on the Chinese. Thomas and Walpole entered one fort to find their offices declined; and furthermore, as was afterwards found out, at the risk of their lives. The next morning they proceeded to Itau island, of which, with Clarkson, they were placed in charge.

The following day the Chinese soldiers, after exchanging a few rounds with the Japanese troops, decamped and left the forts for the enemy to walk into. The Japanese advanced in three divisions and the first fort to fall was Lungmuitsui fort, then Louchutsui fort, finally Chiupuitsui fort. These forts were strongly defensible on the sea side, but, as with all Chinese forts, they were very weak in the rear,

which was the point the Japanese assailed.

A heroic tale is reported of Gunner Li, who was the chief gunner of the *Tingyuen*. He was told by Thomas that the Chinese would not allow any Europeans in the forts to prepare to blow up the guns so he volunteered to undertake that duty. He took the charges and said he would blow up the two twenty-eight centimetre guns, and if the Chinese soldiers would not allow him to do so he would place a joss stick in the magazine and blow up the forts. He evidently was not allowed to blow up the guns, but on the morning of the 30th the Chiupuitsui fort was blown up and he was distinguished leaving it a few minutes before. He was taken off in a torpedo-boat.

The three northern forts on the mainland were likewise easily captured, the Chinese soldiers decamping on the advance of the Japanese. The Japanese, having taken the whole of the land forts, managed to fix up some

of the guns in the southern forts and commenced to fire on the Chinese fleet and Itau island. The forts formed a destroying element, and between the three forts the Japanese erected two batteries. On the island of Liukungtao there were two forts, each armed with four 24 centimetre guns and some small quick-firing guns, the latter proving extremely useful against the torpedo-boat attacks. The soldiers on Liukungtao numbered about 2,000 men and they were commanded by General Chang. In addition there was the Chinese fleet, consisting of the *Tingyuen*, *Laiyuen*, *Chingyuen*, *Pingyuen*, *Chenyuen*, *Tsiyuen*, *Weiyuen*, *Kwangping*, *Kwangchi*, thirteen torpedo-boats and six small alphabetical gunboats. The latter proved extremely useful in shelling the Japanese land forces. Distributed among the ships was a naval force of between 1,500 and 2,000 men.

The fort on Itau island was armed with two disappearing English seven-

inch guns, and two quick-firing guns. To garrison Itau island there were at first the three Europeans, forty soldiers and twenty-five sailors. Eventually, these soldiers proving useless, Captain Sah, commander of the *Kwangchi*, with thirty sailors, arrived to man the fort. The same officer displayed the greatest courage during the cannonading of the island. He worked the quick-firing guns and remained at the post from the commencement to the end of the fighting, notwithstanding that he was exposed to an almost continuous fire. The island was open to the fire of the southern forts, and as soon as the disappearing guns arose they formed a target for the fire of the three batteries. These guns had no mirrors affixed to them, and consequently the man elevating the gun had to get upon the barbette, with the result that he was fired upon immediately by the forts. This was a hazardous post, yet the young sailors stuck to the guns and fired

with a will. On one occasion three Chinese sailors were working one of the guns, exposed to a terrible fire, and Thomas called to them to quit the gun *pro. tem.*, but they refused. One man was wounded in three places, the jaw, arm and leg, by the bursting of a shell, yet as soon as his wounds were dressed he persisted in returning to his post to assist with his uninjured arm.

The severest bombardment of Itau island was on the 7th. The cook-house was demolished by a shell, burying five cooks beneath the ruins, three of who after much trouble and danger were rescued by two sailors. The same day a shot dismounted one of the disappearing guns and all efforts to get it into position again proved fruitless. The dismounted gun also impeded the firing of the remaining gun. The officers' quarters were burnt out by a shell bursting and setting fire to them. One magazine was exploded by a

shell. The fort was then exposed to an excessively heavy fire from the land, and eventually it was decided to quit the fort which had taken so prominent a share in the fighting. On the 8th the island of Itau was evacuated, the officers and men retiring to Liukungtao. It may be mentioned that, on the 7th, the officers on Itau island saw the men leaving their guns in the Eastern fort of Liukungtao, but this leads up to another matter, the story of the mutiny among the men. The only damage done by the Japanese fire was to demolish the island fort. The Liukungtao forts were practically untouched and the occupants feared nothing whatever from the Japanese fleet. When the Japanese saw that they could not force an entrance or destroy the forts and the ships with the means they had on the southern side, they mounted some of their guns and mortars on the northern entrance in order to shell the western fort of Liukungtao, as

well as to shell the Chinese fleet. The firing from these batteries was most successful. It was fearful, the ships being under a continual storm of fire from both sides.

It was then that Admiral Ting exposed himself for hours on board the *Chenyuen*, the ship being in range of the forts. The *Tingyuen*, the flag-ship, was sunk on the 3rd at four o'clock in the morning, by the Japanese torpedo-boats. It was in that action that two Japanese torpedo-boats were lost, one being sunk and the other captured by the Chinese, the latter being abandoned by the Japanese crew after the *Tingyuen* had sent a shot through its boiler, scalding four of the crew to death. The *Tingyuen* was only partially sunk and was used as a battery, but the fire from the forts was so strong that the crew had to leave. Before doing so a charge of 250 lbs. of gun cotton was placed on board with a slow fuse which blew up and completely sank

the *Tingyuen*. This ship was German built and was launched in 1882.

The Japanese attacks were always at night, and the crews of the Chinese men-of-war were continually aroused by these nocturnal torpedo-boat visits. The strain on both officers and men was therefore very great. The *Laiyuen*, a German-built vessel, was torpedoed. She was struck on the port-side of the engine-room, and fifteen minutes afterwards she capsized. She was a sister ship to the *Kingyuen* which was sunk in the Yalu fight in a similar manner. The *Chingyuen* had a shot from the eastern fort which pierced her port-side, passing through armoured deck and through starboard bow, and sank head first. The Chinese sent a torpedo into her so that the Japanese would not be able to raise her.

On the 11th the Chinese torpedo-boats took flight in consequence of an attack being made by the Japanese fleet at closer quarters than hitherto. The



Admiral Lang, Imperial Chinese Navy.



Chinese imagined that the Japanese fleet intended to make a dash for the entrance. The Chinese torpedo-boats were exposed to a heavy fire from the southern forts and they made a rush to the north, trying to escape. It was stated by others that the torpedo-boats sallied forth to attack the Japanese fleet, but were unsupported by the Chinese men-of-war and in consequence they, being outside the harbour, tried to escape, two Japanese men-of-war giving chase. They were beached, and the Japanese captured seven. The Chinese sank two boats under the Liukungtao forts as they were escaping.

It was then that Admiral Ting daily expected that Chinese reinforcements would arrive overland, but he was doomed to disappointment. The Futai of the province, who should have helped him, bolted, and took his soldiers with him. Li Hung-chang, who had promised to send thousands of soldiers, did not send one man. In fact

at that time the majority of the soldiers at Chefoo had vanished. Troops were reported to be arriving in all directions, but none were ever seen. It was this knowledge of the unreliability of the Chinese military authorities that depressed Admiral Ting, although there is little doubt that if those soldiers had arrived in thousands they would have been of no avail. They would no doubt have taken to flight on first sighting their opponents and their generals and officers would have led the van. There is another feature about this business which the Chinese officers bitterly regretted, namely the mutiny of the Chinese soldiers and sailors on the ships and on Liukungtao. There was with the Chinese force a German non-commissioned officer, who had been for some years in the Chinese service, and it was when Admiral Ting was receiving his severest blows by seeing his ships sink one after another that this officer boarded the *Chenyuen* and suggested aloud in Chinese and with-

in the hearing of the crew that Admiral Ting should capitulate, for by so doing their lives would be spared. Admiral Ting declined to entertain such a proposition, and this officer was forced to depart. But the sailors had heard the suggestion and communicated what they had heard to their fellows. Then a feeling of dissatisfaction arose which was apparent to the officers, and the latter were not long in learning the cause; a day or two later the order was given on the flagship to "clean guns," but the men refused to obey the order. This was the day on which those on Itau fort saw the sailors in the eastern Liukungtao fort leave their guns. The men said they had done sufficient fighting and they desired that the Admiral should capitulate. The Admiral addressed the sailors, reprimanding them, and they finally consented to continue fighting.

At length, seeing most of his boats sunk and exposed to a terrible fire from the land batteries, Admiral Ting

resolved to surrender, though by doing so he knew his head would pay the forfeit to his Government. He had, however, resolved to take his own life as soon as negotiations were completed, and he did so.

His last letter was one to Admiral Ito, as follows:—"I am deeply gratified for the sake of my people that you have accepted my proposal. But as there are many preparations to be made with regard to the men's packing, I should wish that the transfer of everything might be deferred until after the 16th inst."

On the afternoon of the 12th February, Admiral Ting, seated in his house on Liukungtao, poisoned himself with opium, sharing the contents of a box of opium with General Chang. Captain Yang, one of the ablest of the Chinese naval officers, committed suicide by shooting himself in the head with a revolver; whilst Commodore Liu and three other naval officers likewise committed

suicide by taking opium. The death of Admiral Ting was greatly regretted by the Chinese and by those Europeans with who he had come into contact. Admiral Ting lacked the training of his junior officers, his knowledge of naval tactics and the many sciences that go to educate a naval commander was limited, but he was acknowledged by all to be a liberal-minded, an upright, and a brave man. His death was regretted by his officers and men, and by his opponents, and perhaps not more so than by Admiral Ito himself. General Chang was of the ordinary type of the Chinese general, as far as military education went, though he possessed more pluck than his cowardly confrères. The officers who followed their leader's example in inflicting self-death were all described as able and brave officers, who had received a thorough modern Naval education. The sentence uttered at Gravelotte might truly form their

epitaph: "Honour those whom fortune hath deserted."

Further parleying took place as to the conditions of surrender, and it was agreed that the officers, both European and Chinese, and soldiers and sailors were to be landed with their private effects at a place of security convenient to both parties. A few days later the Japanese entered the harbour of Weihaiwei and took possession of the remaining ships of the Chinese fleet: the *Pingyuen*, *Chenyuen*, *Tseyuen*, *Kwangping*, and six small alphabetical gunboats. Admiral Ting's body was afterwards sent to Chefoo in the *Kwangping* by the Japanese for interment in his native district.

IV.

A CHINESE TELEGRAPH SUPERINTENDENT.

MR. Sheng, the Superintendent of the Imperial Chinese Telegraph Administration office, was evidently not in an amiable mood, as he stood by the table reading the mysterious dots and dashes on the tape slowly issuing from the machine. He suddenly uttered an exclamation, not exactly polite, for Chop-dollar Sheng was not a Christian though he had passed through an American University, and his language was apt to be characteristic of irresponsible undergraduate days. Like his illustrious Taotai, the head of the service, he was generally known by the one name of Sheng. The other operators distinguished him as Chop-dollar

Sheng, because his face was pitted with small-pox marks, and the Chinese merchant guarantees the validity of his dollars by a stamping process of mutilation, called chopping. Hence the delicate compliment conveyed by the title.

When Sheng repeated his ejaculation and tore off the tape I ventured to ask him what had disturbed his serenity.

"Oh, those god-dam Japs at Ninghai are sending some of their cheeky messages through to us!"

The scene was the interior of a small Chinese building, near the foreign settlement of Chefoo, which formed the branch office of the Imperial Chinese Telegraphs. A low doorway opened into a room which served for the operators, and as a general office, and the apartment adjoining was the manager's room.

At this period things were somewhat slack. The Chinese could only telegraph northward, as the southern

station at Ninghai was held by an advanced post of the Japanese. When there were no Chinese official documents to telegraph the operators used to while away their time by playing dominoes or sending sarcastic messages to their Japanese friends at Ninghai, who nothing loath retaliated in language not suitable for publication.

It was not an easy matter for the correspondents and the commanders of the foreign men-of-war to get their messages through. Whenever the Chinese suffered a reverse—which was always the case—and one wished to telegraph the news home, the lines would get out of order in an astonishing fashion. Land-lines are of course susceptible to atmospheric and other influences of nature, but these wires were wonderfully affected by current events.

When one wanted to get an urgent message through something invariably went wrong at some part of the line. Then, when the excuse of interruptions

due to storms, etc., had at last played itself out Sheng instituted another device to put off the barbarian from chronicling Chinese defeats—for there were never any victories—namely “official messages.” For designing that excuse the Chinese should erect a magnificent “pilao” to his honour.

Whenever a foreign orderly or correspondent dashed into the office frantically waving a dispatch, the Celestial clerk, after reading the same, would gravely inform the applicant that the lines were occupied with “official messages”—and would point to a formidable Chinese document the operator was engaged on.

It was of no use blaspheming, because after a string of one’s choicest adjectives the clerk would smile blandly “No savey!” It was energy thrown away.

Then Chop-dollar Sheng would be interviewed, and would promptly close the argument by exhibiting the “official message,” and promise that

when 2,000 or 3,000 more characters had been run off he would transmit any other wires.

It was the same during the riots in Szechuen and after the massacre of missionaries in Fukhien, and the same trickery was repeated during the Boxer troubles. The Chinese officials scattered over the Empire daily received messages from Peking, and the Foreign officials, no matter how urgent were their messages, were bluffed repeatedly by the Imperial Chinese Telegraph Administration.

But as the Japanese remained at Ninghai and did not show any immediate likelihood of advancing, the "official messages" decreased in volume until on paying "urgent" fees it was possible to get a message through to Shanghai.

Knowing that the inevitable was bound to happen, that Weihaiwei must fall very shortly, and with a careful estimate as to the capabilities of that line, I cultivated assiduously

the acquaintance of Chop-dollar Sheng. And an interesting acquaintance he proved to be, detailing many unique experiences.

At this time the Telegraph Administration had declined to take cypher messages from anyone, and it was due partly to this ruling that I was enabled to get through the news even before the foreign admirals of the most important event of the war.

One morning on entering the office I was buttonholed by Sheng and led into his private room. He was labouring under tremendous excitement and was much scared. Without permitting me to ask the reason he said: "Weihaiwei has fallen. Here's the news. Read it," and before I realised what I was doing I had read the brief message of the——admiral that Weihaiwei had capitulated and Admiral Ting had taken his own life.

Here was the news the world was waiting for, as the correspondents with the Japanese would have to send

their cables by Japanese transport to Corea, to be wired thence to Japan, and to London *via* Shanghai. Providing no "official messages" detained the Chinese line, the news could go through in a few hours.

But how to verify it. I could not possibly make use of the Admiral's message which Sheng's cowardice had revealed to me.

At last a course suggested itself. Hastening from the office, with the hope that an "official message" would keep the line occupied till I returned, I soon ran down the orderly who brought the Admiral's wire. In a few moments I had obtained the news I wanted, for the cruiser had just come in from Weihaiwei, which was about three hours distant.

Rushing back to Sheng I represented to him the need of getting my wire through first. This, with the incidental assistance of a \$50 note, he promised to do, and I waited and saw it sent. Barely was it off the machine

and the Admiral's message about to be started when in dashed two correspondents, and an "official message"—this time a genuine one from the Taotai.

There being nothing that required my presence further, and with the knowledge that I was safe with the Taotai's message behind mine, I sauntered off and drank Sheng's health.

Next day I called on Sheng, who received me with a smile.

"How long was it before the Admiral's message went after yours?" "Oh! just eight hours—and the correspondents' messages followed that one."

I have not seen Chop-dollar Sheng since, but his memory I hold in grateful esteem.

Chinese foreign-drilled troops at Wosung.



V.

THE
REBELLION AT SE-TZE-
LIN: CHINESE
FOREIGN-DRILLED
TROOPS.

AFTER the humiliation inflicted by Japan, China began to enquire, not very deeply, into the causes which led to the victory of her neighbour. The Viceroy of China arrived at the conclusion, which experience proved, that it was unwise, and distinctly unprofitable to the Viceregal exchequer, to arm undrilled "braves" with foreign rifles, bought at famine rates, when the enemy was already in the field. It would be better to drill the "braves" with modern weapons, so that they would know how to use them when occasion demanded.

This decision, unanimously arrived at by the leading Viceroys, unfortunately necessitated other improvements, all more or less costly, and it was not surprising that, as China settled down to her old routine existence and their enthusiasm dwindled, the hearts of some failed them at these foreign innovations.

The military men of China as a body were opposed to anything foreign; they preferred to abide by their old text books which set spear exercises and archery as the goal of military knowledge. The "jingal" sufficed them, or if anything must be conceded, they wanted nothing better than a weapon which should be a compromise between a "jingal" and a "snider," and minus sights.

The responsibilities of the Viceroys, however, were personal and greater than those of the "Generals." The introduction of modern weapons unfortunately meant the engagement of foreign instructors, and these

foreign instructors were obstinate enough to demand agreements which gave them authority to insist on certain conditions—the principal being their personal selection of recruits, adequate rates of pay to their soldiers, proper food and no “squeezing.” These rules were admirable and harmonized well with Chinese principles in the abstract, but they meant a heavy regular expenditure in practice. Spears and muzzle-loaders were cheap weapons, but magazine rifles and field guns were items of which the expensive possibilities were enormous.

Urged on by the merchants of the Powers, who had arms to sell, the Viceroys decided that the Chinese Army should be modernised to an extent. The old banner corps should be preserved so as not to interfere with the prejudices of the people, but foreign-drilled troops must be added. How well those foreign-drilled troops have utilised their training was recently demonstrated in Chihli.

Foremost among the Viceröys to train their troops were Yuen Shih Kai, the Viceroy of Shantung; Li Hung-chang, Viceroy of Chihli; Liu Kung-yi, and Chang Chi-tung on the Yangtsze. Indeed the Yangtsze during the war was in an excellent state of defence, many foreign instructors being in the employ of the Viceroys.

The rebellion which broke out at Se-tze-lin was of brief duration and was crushed by a battalion of the new foreign-drilled troops. It formed a useful object lesson to the Viceroy of Nanking, as it was the triumph of the new "brave" over the old. Indirectly the new troops were the cause.

Se-tze-lin is a village eight miles east of Woosung, at the entrance to the Shanghai river. Between Woosung and Se-tze-lin were very strong mud forts, with numerous heavy batteries under the charge of two English gunners. Some of the forts, those adjoining Woosung, have since been dismantled and the English gunners dismissed.

They commanded the mouth of the river above Shanghai.

On May 9th, 1897, the news was telegraphed to Shanghai that 6,000 bannermen, *i.e.*, old troops, under General Bang, at Se-tze-lin, had rebelled, had seized the camps and were threatening the Authorities.

Now rebellions of this nature in China are numerous, but they need to be promptly and firmly dealt with. If the mandarin in charge has the power he crushes it by main force and beheads the ringleaders; if he has not the power then he pacifies the rebels with dollars. Otherwise, 6,000 rebellious, poverty-stricken armed soldiers are calculated to produce a rebellion on a large scale, and would at any rate pillage and murder. The first remedy of the Viceroy would be to degrade the officer in charge, consequently that mandarin has a strong interest in pacifying his ruffians.

During the period when the foreign-drilled brigades were being formed

these petty rebellions were frequent, because the old troops of bannermen were disbanded, and, finding their occupation gone, used their military knowledge in terrorising and robbing the peasantry. Especially was this so in the Yangtze region.

The foreign-drilled troops at Woon-sung at this time consisted of about ten companies of infantry, each company 250 strong, under the command of Major Baron Von Reitzenstein, with German officers as instructors; a squadron of cavalry mounted on Chinese ponies, armed with sword, carbine and lance, under command of Captain Count von Nayhaus, an Austrian cavalry officer; and two batteries of Nordenfeldt field guns, under command of Herr Nauendorff.

These troops were composed of picked recruits from Anwhei and Kiangsu provinces, who had been in training for over twelve months and had, only a few weeks before, been

reviewed before the Chinese Taotai, Sheng Tung-ho, Major Brown, the British military attaché, and Colonel Wogack, the Russian military attaché, being present. At this review their excellent performance, particularly of the cavalry, excited much surprise and commendation from the two military attachés, and gave a good idea of the possibilities of the Chinaman as a soldier when well treated, trained and disciplined. They were commanded by Chinese as well as foreign officers and marched with the peculiar German step.

In response to the telegram I found myself some hours later trudging along the path behind the mud breast-work that stretches for a distance of eight miles from Woosung to Se-tze-lin. The rain descended in a heavy, ceaseless downpour, and the wet clay path, for there are few roads in China (the creeks and canals being the highways) was difficult to traverse; an occasional slip threatened to send me

to the bottom of the breastwork—a drop of a dozen feet.

Although a tragedy was transpiring a few miles ahead, and the peasantry knew well if the bannermen were successful, they would probably ravish and kill as they passed, the countryside presented no unusual appearance. It wore its customary calm aspect: fields of green barley and paddy were waving in the sea wind. The clumps of trees and bamboos across the flat creek-intersected country denoted the hamlets. The labourers were working in the fields, and the children, whose shrill cries only broke the stillness, were gamboling around their miserable homesteads.

Suddenly with a dash came round the bend of the path half-a-dozen troopers riding post haste for Woo-sung; a few minutes later to be followed by two more troopers, who galloped past laughingly waving their lances in the direction of Se-tze-lin, which was satisfactory evidence that

their comrades were having the best of it.

The Chinese soldier had never previously impressed me with a display of horsemanship, but the dash of these troopers on that wretched slippery path, guiding their ponies with reins in one hand and gripping their lance with the other, was a revelation. It was a steeplechase over a bog-like course with the promise of a good fall if the pony stumbled.

Shortly after that I met a wheelbarrow, the ordinary lumbering one-wheel native vehicle, which had been carrying provisions to the troops; this I immediately commandeered, notwithstanding the protest of the owner, whose face however broke into smiles when I mounted on the top instead of on the side of it.

Thus I made my entry on the scene of conflict, greatly to the appreciation of the first picket.

The foreign-drilled troops were having it all their own way, and two

of the three "camps" had already been captured. The third was more stubborn.

The "camp" was composed of four square lofty walls with a strong front gate. Inside were the houses of the soldiers, and in case of danger the walls were lined, the troops firing from the top. The gate was closed and from the walls glared down with hate and defiance hundreds of faces of the "braves," who grasped matchlock, spear and banner. The "camp" was alive with troops who apparently meant fight.

Drawn up in extended order fifty yards in front of the "camp," was a company of the foreign-drilled troops, who, notwithstanding that they were facing death, being exposed to the fire of "jingal" and matchlock which promised to burst forth at any moment, were eager, grim and steady. Not a man moved until a sharp order was given—a number in Chinese—and up went their rifles to the ready!

Then what a transformation ! Down went head and spear, banner and "jingal !" What a calm in place of the ear-piercing discordant yells from the bannermen. And where were they with their terrible boastings ? Ten minutes later the rebellion was over, and these last rebellious "braves" were depositing, amidst the sly gibes and jeers of their native opponents, their antiquated weapons in a heap.

A few hours later and the heads of the ring-leaders of the rebels were dangling from trees, suspended by their queues, as horrible warnings to their recent comrades. The headless trunks lay on the roadside covered with flies and gazed at with much morbid interest by the villagers. Justice is stern and swift in China.

Count von Nayhauss described the executions as most revolting. The heads were not struck off by a single blow but by a succession of blows. When the heads of the rebels dropped off his troopers set up a yell of

triumph. After receiving the order in the morning his cavalry were in saddle and had taken the road in twenty minutes, which, I agreed, was quick work.

Some of the troops returned to Woosung and did so in excellent order, notwithstanding the state of the path. One incident was very gratifying to witness, as an instance of good comradeship. A soldier dropped unconscious and his three immediate fellows picked him up and carried him in turn, for a distance of eight miles, to barracks. The foreign-drilled soldiers were universally cheerful and polite and seemed in high glee at their victory, although it had been won by effect and not by fighting. They would promptly step aside to let the foreigner pass; some would offer sugar-cane or a cigarette—in fact they seemed to be anxious to show their good feeling.

An amusing feature, testifying to the practical nature of the China-

man, was evidenced when the heavy field guns, being without ponies, the gunners promptly put 300 of the "braves" on to drag the ropes, and a hard task they had in dragging those guns over such a path.

The day following there was a little further trouble, but the determined presence of a company of infantry sufficed; a few more decapitations and a day later the banner men had left Setze-lin for their homes in Hunan.

The incident demonstrated several things, namely, that a Chinaman, when well treated, well drilled and well led, makes a good soldier. His bravery then need not be questioned. It showed that even in China the "old custom" must in time give way to the new. With such a gigantic population from which to draw a Chinese foreign-drilled army might prove a menace to the rest of the world. It may be fortunate therefore that the existing misgovernment or want of honest administration renders such a

vast military system impossible. Why? Because a year later and these foreign-drilled troops, on whom thousands of taels had been spent, were disbanded for "economy," and yon round-shouldered lout, bent with stooping over the paddy field, is scarcely recognizable as "Sergeant No. 1 in No. 1 Co., German-drilled troops at Woosung."

And other Hunan "braves" now occupy Se-tze-lin camps; they are infinitely cheaper.

It is the way of official reforms in China.



CHINESE BRAVES AT MUSKETRY PRACTICE

VI.

THE CHINESE SOLDIER.

AN English sailor attached to the contingent from H.M.S. *Terrible*, engaged in the operations for the relief of Peking, thus described, in a letter scribbled in pencil to a friend, the Chinese method of fighting:—"In attacking the Chinese the safest people are in the firing line, as you would never get shot there. It is the supports and any one in the rear, as the Chinese don't bring their rifles to the shoulder, but fire them from their side at our 'Ready,' and in their trenches they don't show their heads, but merely put their rifles over the trench and fire, then run like h——!"

This is a fairly accurate description of the methods of the Chinese "brave"; his tactics are simplicity itself—to

shoot and then run; the direction taken being guided by the exact movements of the enemy. When supported the Chinese "brave" is worthy of his name, and he will fight well as long as he is convinced that his opponents are not getting too near. The recent operations at Taku, Tientsin and Peitsang revealed the Chinese "brave" as a fighter, but lack of true fighting spirit, due to want of competent guidance, confidence and control caused the principle of self preservation to assert itself.

As a real fighter the Chinaman has not yet had a fair opportunity to display his ability, unless it be in a few scattered instances, like the forlorn charge of the Mohamedan cavalry at Pingyang, who were swept away by Japanese rifle fire; or in the defence of Weihaiwei. Personally, he is always taken at a disadvantage, due to the incompetence of his officers and the rapacity of his mandarins. To present a peasant with a gaudy suit of cotton

overalls and jacket, a rifle—the mechanism of which he knows practically nothing—to regulate his pay by the exigencies demanding his services, and finally, without training or experience of fighting, with leaders equally ignorant, expect him to overawe by mere numbers a well-drilled and well-led enemy, is anticipating a possibility which could hardly be expected from other nationals under similar circumstances.

The efficiency of the Chinaman as a soldier resolves itself really into two things, capable leadership and sound training.

In the advance on Peking the Allied Forces came into contact with the Chinese foreign-drilled soldiers. Fortunately, the number of these was limited to a few corps of the brigades of Chihli. Had the whole forces of China been arrayed against the Powers the Chinese would have been able to have placed in the field many thousands of these foreign-drilled soldiers.

Admiral Lang is reported to be responsible for saying that since the China-Japan War there has been no European training of Chinese troops. When such an authority as the gallant admiral can so err, the general ignorance that prevails of China's military system is pardonable.

It was the last war that gave such an impetus to the European drilling of Chinese troops, and we see the result in the brigades of Chihli, Shantung and Nanking.

Of the numbers of the foreign-drilled troops in China it is impossible to give even approximate figures. Battalions are created and disbanded according to the mandarinite will. Yuan Shi-kai has perhaps the best trained force, which is said to consist of 7,000 men, made up of 5,500 infantry, 1,000 artillery and 500 cavalry. The infantry are armed with the Mannlicher rifle; the cavalry with sword, Mannlicher carbines and revolvers. The artillery consists of

horse, field and mountain sections, with Krupp guns of the latest pattern. The foreign-drilled troops of Chihli were said to consist of 16,000 men, and at Tientsin are two military colleges, one Chinese the other Manchu, with a staff of German instructors. At Wuchang there is a military college with German instructors, and foreign-drilled troops, and a military academy with German and native officers is also in existence at Nanking, where there are many foreign-drilled troops. The military academies were instituted for the training of native officers, and a number of students have been sent to Japan and a few to Germany. Recently there was a decided movement towards employing Japanese instructors, who, in addition to the advantage of being Asiatics, would be much cheaper than the European instructors. Nothing, however, has as yet come of this. Thousands of arms, ancient and modern, have been exported yearly into China since the war with Japan.

These troops are said to be regularly paid, are well drilled by picked foreign instructors and are well armed. In some cases, the Foreign officers having served their agreements, have departed leaving the continuation of the drill to the Chinese instructors. As soldiers the men possess qualities any leader might desire, physique, endurance, obedience and smartness. It is the native officer who has been very much weighed in the balance and found wanting. His incompetence is rendered worse by the corrupt Chinese military administration. The Chinese mandarins would kill any military system by their corruption and duplicity. They squeeze the soldiers of pay and provisions, they buy not a gun nor a shell without drawing a commission, and their orders generally go to the merchant offering the biggest bribe. Their salaries are small and would not cover their entertaining bill, consequently they exist on their perquisites. The



1st Chinese With No. 100. Regiment at Take.



goal of their ambition is an ability to squeeze, and they raise it to a fine art.

To give an instance. When Li Hung-chang arrived at Shanghai after the War, he was escorted through the Settlements by the usual big procession of attendants in their ancient and disreputable regalia. In attendance as a guard of honour were two Chinese battalions of home-made "braves," who were armed with a display of guns that from their variety alone would have done infinite credit to any armourer's museum. They wore their usual cotton uniforms over their rags for "look-see pidgin," but appended to each rifle, as the Superintendent of Police pointed out to me, was the usual small Chinese pawn-ticket! The head official evidently did not believe in allowing his capital, even though invested in such precarious things as arms, to remain idle!

Of course pawnbrokers in China are the bankers of the people and

could not be dispensed with. The poorer Chinaman, unlike the European, does not wear his winter clothes until they are only fit to be discarded. When the officials order summer clothing to be donned he pawns his winter's suit and with the proceeds supplemented redeems his previous summer garb or buys a new attire. Pawnbroking is to the respectable Chinaman of limited means a weekly round; he would cheerfully pawn his wife occasionally in favour of another, were it permissible and not an abuse of an old established system. He is intensely conservative.

Most residents in China are familiar with the musketry training of the "brave." It is not a complicated process, and its success depends a good deal on his "Joss." The barbarians depend on sighting and steadiness, and the "brave" recognises the latter, for he grips his gun with both hands and presses it to his side,

then closes his eyes and pulls the trigger. If his "Joss" be kind, then the target is pierced. The target, be it known, is generally an old gong suspended from a bamboo at a distance of fifty yards. A few hits from a squad of soldiers usually satisfies the "Musketry Inspector," whose knowledge of shooting resembles that of the historic Winkle's. Consequently the Chinese "brave" is not usually a dead shot. He has been known to hit an object at three hundred yards, but much depends, as he argues, on "Joss;" to the uninitiated observer, on the size of the object. His is an irresponsible sort of shooting, and "the safest people are really those in the firing line."

Practically the "brave" who forms the unit of the numberless banner brigades, is entirely untrained in the use of modern weapons. He is often proficient in physical drill. He, if he be an enthusiast, can become an expert in stone lifting, and can

give a nimble display with either one or two swords to suit the taste of the observer. He can give a performance with a spear resembling the ancient game of quarterstaff, with many terrible grimaces intended to strike fear into his adversary. He is one of the thousands of those "braves" who form "the undisciplined hordes of China"—the hordes that were defeated by the Japanese and formed the bulk of the opponents of the Allied forces on their march to Peking.

The foreign-drilled soldier is a very different being, and has the profoundest contempt for his comrade of the old school. He is the product of the last years of the 19th century, and the present decade may give birth to a mighty army of like units. It is well to qualify the statement as a possibility; those who know China well are not sanguine enough to regard it as a probability. But as the last war created on a large scale the foreign-

drilled soldier, the capture of Peking may produce more vigorous and more efficient efforts from the progressive Viceroys. They cannot fail to have seen that the Chinese troops up to a certain stage did remarkably well; a little more spirit would have led to the isolation of Tientsin and its relieving force. If once the Chinese can be induced to believe with the barbarians that the military profession is no disgrace to a man of good family, the possibilities of an efficient Chinese army will not be remote. If that feeling of assurance as to respectability is further supplemented by an ordinary amount of honesty amongst the military mandarins, then it will be unpleasantly near. The Chinese, fortunately, however, are a peace-loving people; their mandarin system of spoilation has existed from centuries before the Christian era, and, as with other things in China, its age may be considered to justify its use. "It belong olo custom," and it will be hard

to eradicate it. When the mandarin system is uprooted and cast out then the reform of China in things military and civil will dawn.





A Chinese Execution.

VII.

AN INTERVIEW WITH LI HUNG-CHANG.

ON returning by steamer from Canton to Hongkong, in June 1900, a globe-trotter, my only fellow-passenger, on learning that I had interviewed H.E. Viceroy Li Hung-chang, said he would have given £100 to have had the same privilege. I was tempted to suggest that for such a stake we might return and try and secure another interview! Probably the amount alone would have appealed to the vanity of the aged viceroy, though its actual payment if judiciously distributed in the Yamen would have done much to have secured an interview.

The motive that took me to Canton was different in nature to that which

appealed to the globe-trotter. Mine was not to treasure the privilege that I had shaken hands and drank champagne with the "Grand Old Man of China"—the aged diplomat who was once again called upon to "save the face" of his country, as he did at the time of the war with Japan. My visit was purely on business, which, thanks to H.E., was successful.

The Canton correspondent of our paper had wired that H.E. the Viceroy had received sudden orders from the Throne—or rather from the rebellious lady who had deposed it—to repair at once to Peking and open negotiations with the Powers. The Boxers then had been having matters fairly their own way, missionary baiting proving a very exhilarating performance. Those who ran could read that the "China Crisis," to quote the general newspaper phrase, was not going to end so suddenly as she anticipated. The Boxers were not going to return

to their homes like lambs, nor the Powers to calmly ignore the crimes already committed. In fact it seemed as if the Empress-Dowager had found things had gone beyond her intentions and control, and she wanted the matter to finish. Li was the only man in her faction capable of mediating, so she sent for him.

Li was to leave two days after his appointment was made known. His opinions on his mission and the crisis generally were of value if they could be obtained, but how to get them? I did not possess the qualifications of the American journalist who only a few weeks before had published a most wonderful interview with Li without ever having seen him.

I mentioned the matter to one or two Consular friends, who, however, treated it as a joke. When they saw that I was serious they pooh-poohed the idea, and said that Li would be inaccessible, and even if I did see him, he would never consent to be

interviewed on such a subject. Li, one explained, was a great "pumper;" he would question his visitor all the time, seldom giving him the chance of getting in a query. This, however, I accepted as a good hint.

I informed the Consuls that I differed from them. If Li ever spoke he would do so now, to let the Press prepare the way for his mission. Of course he would probably only give me what he wanted published; but if he would do that my work was accomplished. Finally, I left the same afternoon for Canton, and reached there early the next day.

The globe-trotter already mentioned asked me how I obtained my interview—whether the Consul arranged it for me. I replied that I had seen a good deal of consular energy in China, but it seemed always to be directed to helping any one but the British merchant. If ever I was asked to interview an important Celestial official, and did not desire

personally to do so, I should promptly go to the nearest British consul and ask him to try and arrange a meeting. He would at once oppose it and I would be sure of possessing a sound excuse for not carrying out the task allotted me. The British Consular service in China, as far as ability, experience and knowledge of the natives are concerned, is one of the best, but it has great diffidence about trespassing on the independence of its nationals. Every other Consular service will do everything to foster its national trade, and very often go out of its way to assist; not so with the British, however, the policy of its representative is often, that the trade that is not independent of official sympathy and support is not worth an adjective.

On arrival at Canton I addressed a letter to the Head Foreign Secretary of the Viceroy's Yamen, distant some four miles from Shameen, the foreign settlement at Canton, asking for an

interview that day if possible. I informed him "that the Press of the World could not be denied the opportunity of learning H.E. Li Hung-chang's views on the crisis!" This was rather a tall representation on my part, but things have necessarily to be somewhat tall in China. Even missionaries "have been kenned," etc.

A few hours later the reply came that His Excellency would be pleased to see me at 3.30 that afternoon! Thus the most difficult part of my mission was accomplished.

From the Shameen settlement I was conveyed in a chair, being carried a distance of at least two miles by four coolies, who kept on at the same quick pace through the narrow streets, jostling, perspiring and swearing, but never once stopping until the hall of the Yamen was reached.

I was received by Dr. Mark, the young able Chinese official, who was Li's physician and chief interpreter,

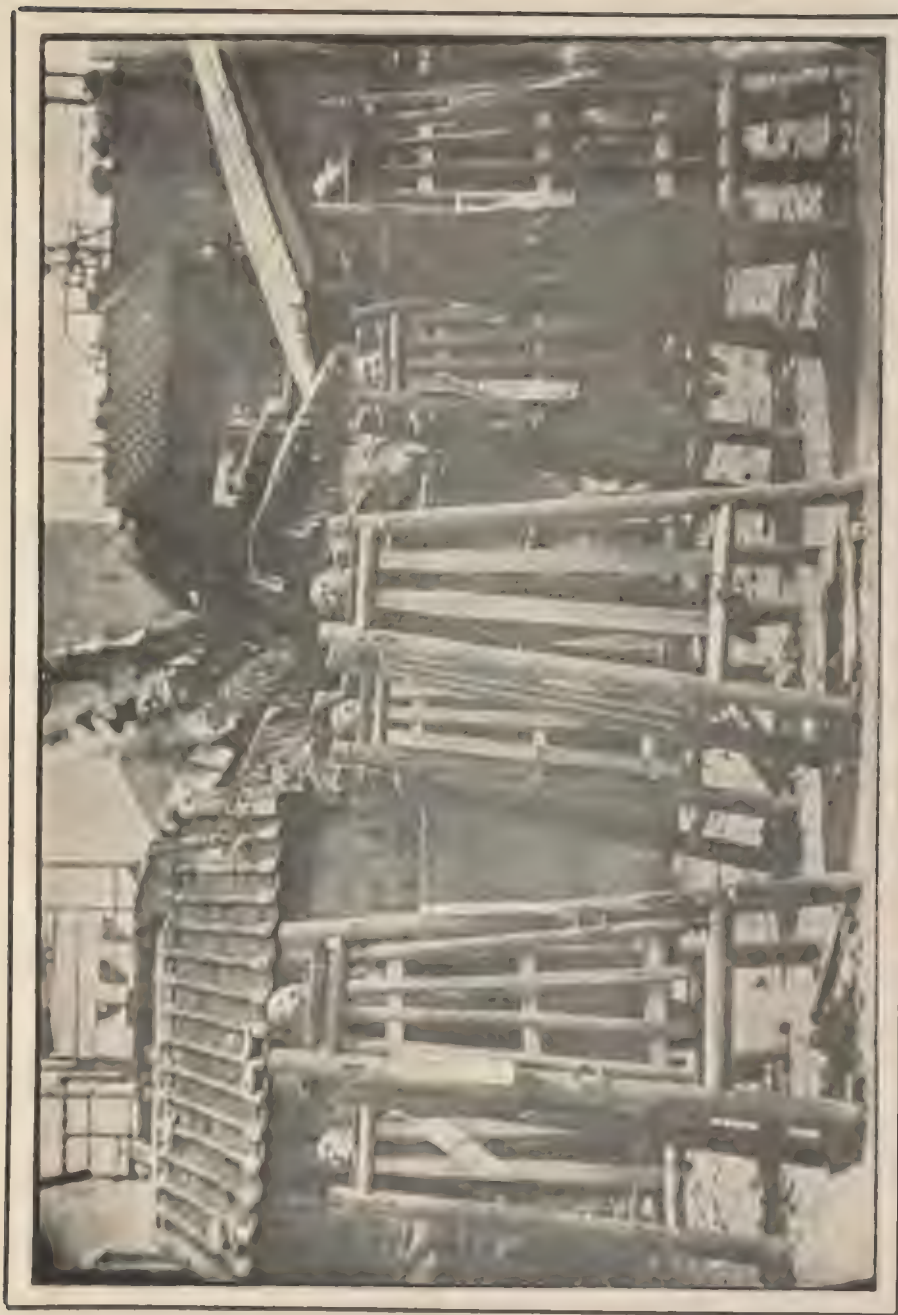
and who, by the way, was educated at the Normal School, Hongkong. Dr. Mark is an educated and progressive official who will figure prominently in his country's affairs in the future. He has since been made a Taotai and accompanied Prince Chun to Europe as secretary. After a brief interview, during which I was introduced to the Military Interpreter, H.E. the Viceroy sent a messenger to announce that he was ready to receive his visitor.

I was conducted by Dr. Mark through several rooms to a large hall, immediately outside H.E.'s chamber, and we passed down between two rows of Chinese petty officials, who, in full costume with their white hats and red plumes, were drawn up to receive us. Just within the door of his room, approached by a short flight of steps, stood H.E. Li Hung-chang. The aged Viceroy was supported on either side by two officers, and rested forward slightly on a silver mounted ebony stick—the gift, I

believe, of the late Mr. Gladstone. In spite of his figure being bent with age, he presented a massive appearance in his voluminous Chinese clothes, his height being over six feet.

Gazing keenly at me from the corners of his eyes, he uttered a guttural expression of welcome in Chinese and pointed to a chair for me to occupy. In the middle of the room was a small table surrounded by three upright chairs and one armchair. He was assisted to the armchair, and I was seated next to him, on his left; the two interpreters being on my left. About a dozen natives, being his personal attendants and officers, remained in the room, and, of course, heard the entire interview. All such audiences in China, official or non-official, are generally conducted in the presence of retainers, so it is really impossible for any negotiations to be kept secret.

Then the conversation commenced. For fifteen minutes it was impossible



Pirates being Slowly Strangled at Canton.

for me to get in a word edgeways. As soon as I had replied to one question His Excellency started on another. He first of all wanted to know my age; then, with a smile, whether I was making money in the newspaper profession! How long had I been in China? What did I think of the present position of affairs, *i.e.* the Boxer outbreak? What was the European opinion as reflected by the cables? Question followed answer and I began to realise that the "pumping" process was in active operation—on the Viceroy's part—and if it went on much longer like this the "interview" would soon terminate without my being able to get any "copy." I had not come to Canton for that purpose, and it was about time I got a question in, so I pulled my note-book from my pocket, and this aroused the Viceroy's interest.

"What is that book for?"

"That, Sir, is my note-book. I purpose to ask your Excellency a few

questions, if you will allow me, and so that there may be no ultimate confusion in my mind as to your Excellency's expressions, I intend, again with your permission, Sir, to write down what you say."

His Excellency smiled and said he had no objection. He was rather interested in the shorthand characters. This gave me the opportunity I wanted, and during the time I was putting the questions to the Interpreter I was conscious of the Viceroy scanning me very closely. He smoked throughout the interview; first Egyptian cigarettes, and the Chinese metal pipe, a servant standing behind him all the time with a paper pipe-light.

Some of H.E.'s remarks being of historical interest, I have reproduced portions of the conversation, as follows:—

"Will your Excellency go to Peking with the intention of mediating?"

"I shall go for two purposes. One, to suppress the Boxers, the other, as a mediator—to try and make peace."

"It is generally believed that your Excellency is the only man in China at present who can cope with this difficulty."

His Excellency, laughing, but with emphasis, "I believe that myself!"

"What is your Excellency's opinion on this Boxer outbreak?"

"I believe the Boxers to be only a rabble of stupid, ignorant people, led away by fanaticism and anti-Christian feeling into attacking native Christians, and then their foreign teachers—the missionaries."

"You do not then regard them as having political motives, or class them in the same category as the secret societies in China, whose object is rebellion and the overthrowing of the dynasty?"

"No. I do not. First of all, the Boxers are but the common people—

the peasantry. Their origin is, I think, due to the fact that continuous trouble with native Christians has engendered ill feeling among the peasantry, and as the Christians in law-cases invariably get the better of them they thought they must practice physical exercises to be equal to the Christians. They commenced to attack the native converts and then the missionaries. The reason is, therefore, partly due to anti-Christianism and fanaticism."

"Do you think the native Christians in instances are to blame for this spirit of opposition?"

"Yes, both Catholics and Protestants, and the missionaries often themselves give trouble. The Roman Catholics are the most troublesome."

"Do you think the Empress-Dowager has been misled at all—take the tone of her last edict, for instance?"

"Yes, I am certain" (and here the Viceroy slapped the chair in emphasis)

"that she has been misled and misinformed. I believe the Empress-Dowager has not been informed of the true state of affairs. Her Majesty has summoned me to go to Peking to know exactly what has happened. I firmly believe it was not the intention of the Empress-Dowager that these things should have taken place."

"But it is reported that Yu Lu has been handed over to the Board of Punishments, apparently for his non-success against the allied forces. He acted under Imperial orders?"

"Can you confirm that, because I do not think it can be true? But even if it were true his disgrace for not defeating an enemy would be merely in accordance with the Chinese law, which formally requires the punishment of a defeated general. Of course it is said generally that the forts at Taku suddenly opened fire on the allied fleet without warning, but then I am in receipt of an official telegram about this. It appears that

either H.E. Yu Lu, the Viceroy of Chihli, or the commander of the forts, I am not certain which, received an ultimatum that he was to disperse the Chinese soldiers, send away the torpedo boats and render useless the submarine mines at Taku, so that the foreign gunboats could get near the shore and go up river. It was not strange that our people should take this to mean war—to be asked to clear off as they were. Perhaps these ignorant people did not quite understand things; therefore they began to open fire, but whether they really commenced firing first I do not know.”

“Then this act of war, your Excellency, does it mean that the Empire is at war with the allied Powers, or only the forces in Chihli—in the vicinity of Peking? Have you made any preparations?”

“I do not think that this is a declaration of war, so I have made no preparation for war. I am receiving

you and the foreign consuls here, so we are quite friendly. Then, if this trouble up north meant a declaration of war, I should have been notified by telegram by the Central Government."

"But in any case you could not get a telegram through from Peking—the wires are cut?"

"Well, I got a telegram about Yu Lu and the forts—the wires were then cut!"

"At this stage of affairs, what is the exact attitude of the Viceroy? Are they expected to follow the example set in Chihli and commence aggressive operations?"

"Speaking for myself, my first duty is to protect life and property and to maintain order within my jurisdiction. I shall do nothing aggressive unless ordered, but keep quiet and try to protect foreigners and foreign property."

"What is the remedy for the present state of affairs, your Excellency?"

"I cannot say exactly what will be done until I see the Empress-Dowager. My opinion is, that first we must try to suppress these Boxers. That will be done by beheading their leaders and dispersing their followers, who are ignorant people and know nothing. Secondly, I believe I can make peace with the foreign Powers in a friendly way."

"Do you think that by your leaving Canton a rebellion, far more serious than the trouble in the north, is likely to break out here?"

"I cannot guarantee to say that there will not be a rebellion. I, of course, cannot be sure of what may happen. I do not believe there will be perfect peace, though there may not be a great deal of trouble, and no serious rebellion. Before I take my departure I will give orders to all my officers to do their best to preserve order. I have tried my best to crush the secret societies in these two provinces, but I regret to say that

some of the leaders have run away. Most of them hide themselves in Hongkong and Singapore, where they keep quiet. After my departure perhaps many of these men will return and cause trouble."

His Excellency then discussed several things, and the impression of his interviewer was that Li was confident he could restore order in the north and successfully settle the matter with the Foreign Powers. He said he had been Viceroy of Chihli for thirty years without a rebellion and he was sanguine he could deal with the matter.

It was believed he was also fairly confident of order being maintained in the two Kwangs, for he went in greater power than ever, leaving his own generals and other officers behind him, and as he was greatly feared by the people his shadow remained. That might not have been so mighty as his presence, but it had the memory of many executions since his recent

viceroyalty, some say 2,000, to support it.

One could not fail to be impressed with the appearance, the confidence and dignity of this veteran and powerful official, who, at the age of 77, was again found indispensable by a capricious mistress in propping up a tottering Empire.

Before I left His Excellency asked me to read over my notes to the Military Interpreter, who hitherto had been but a listener. This I did and the Interpreter translated them to his Master, who occasionally made clear a point which seemed indistinct. His object in doing this, he said, was to ensure accuracy, as he wanted the world to know exactly his opinions.

Viceroy Li then ordered champagne, and we drank to his health. I then took my leave, His Excellency rising and walking to the door to bid me adieu. He shook hands with me in the foreign fashion and smiling bade me good-bye and good-luck. Three



Li Hung-chang.



days later he sent me his photograph with his autograph in Chinese, of which the following is a translation:—

“Minister of the Board of Commerce, Tutor of the Crown Prince, Grand Secretary of Man Wa Palace, Viceroy of the Two Kwangs, Earl Li.

“[Photograph taken when 78 years old. Given in the summer of the Fifth Moon of the twenty-sixth year, Kwang Hsü.”

One thing impressed me especially during the interview, and that was Li's regard for the memory of the late Mr. Gladstone. The only foreign pictures in the room were photographs depicting the well-known English politician—and two represented Mr. Gladstone and Earl Li sitting together at Hawarden.

Thus ended what one London paper was good enough to term “a remarkable interview.”

VIII.

THE INSURRECTOS AT MALABON.

THE victorious Filipinos were in strong force at Malabon. When the launch flying the British consular ensign steamed slowly up the river, they lined the banks on either side, and kept pace with the steamer until it stopped in mid-stream off the convent, the principal building of the town. Then they crowded on to the bridge of boats and set up a chorus of welcome, for the Filipinos were very partial to the British and also the Americans at that period. Their affection for the latter changed considerably a few weeks later. They were wonderfully enthusiastic in their friendships in those days; the majority of them had never heard of America.

till a few days before Dewey arrived; a week after the battle of Cavite their knowledge of America's greatness was in a fair way of eclipsing even American testimony—which is apt to be enthusiastic. The spontaneous regard of the Filipino for his "American brother" at that period was only surpassed by the endearments then showered on the Germans by the Spanish. It was surprising the excess of fraternal feeling the initial stage of that campaign developed.

Our trip to Malabon was altogether a most exhilarating experience. We were steaming into the mouth of a river at a speed that only a Filipino "serang" would dare to go under the circumstances, when suddenly we grounded, the launch almost capsizing. Any other skipper would have made sure of the water on the bar, but our Filipino captain first ran his launch ashore and sounded for the depth afterwards. The result

was that we had to wait a few hours—time is nothing to the Filipino—for the river to rise, with the consolation that if a squall turned up the launch would be sure to founder.

We had come to Malabon on what was officially described as “an errand of mercy.” It was, in more senses than one, for besieged in Manila we personally found the fresh provisions we took back an appreciative change from the monotonous diet of rice and coarse water-buffalo. Our mission was to rescue a score or so of Chinese from the sanguinary Insurrectos, the British Vice-Consul being charged with the protection of the Chinese. The Chinese were ill-treated, robbed and killed by Filipino and Spaniard alike, the rich Celestials offering excellent spoil to both belligerents, and their position was not a comfortable one. Consequently they were leaving the Islands in large numbers.

The Spaniards did not molest those Chinese much who were in Manila;

they contented themselves with squeezing the Chinese as they fled for the privilege of leaving. This was not just, but yet there were many Spanish who would have liked to have departed on the same terms!

After our unpremeditated rest on the bar and arriving at the bridge we thought it advisable to go ashore, as we were surrounded by a multitude of armed Filipinos, who handled their rifles in a way not conducive to comfort and fired them off in the air at no certain angle as occasional salutes.

The launch being in mid-stream, it was a question as to how we should land. The "bridge of boats" crossing the river, under Spanish Municipal control, had become a "bridge of wrecks;" it was safer to go ashore in a dug-out boat, similar to a Malay "prau." The "prau" is a useful boat in which to travel providing you are a good swimmer and are acquainted with its peculiarities. As there are only about two feet of freeboard and no

seats, one's position is necessarily cramped. The buoyancy of the craft depends entirely on the ability of the person in it to keep still in a cramped squatting position—it really should be provided with a balancing pole. It is not a boat exactly suited for picnicing, though the wily alligator in the Malayan river has a difference of opinion on that point.

We chose the "prau" however as the safest means of getting ashore, and held on to the narrow sides like grim death in spite of being overrun with friendly cockroaches, which crept up our arms and legs and had a good time generally.

On landing we were received with a "guard of honour" of the forces of the "Filipino Republic." We were not quite certain as to who were the soldiers of the Republic and who were the civilians; they were nearly all most unbecomingly militant in appearance and were armed either with rifle, machete, or kris. The town seemed to be

in a state of holiday; no one was apparently working, and the Filipino ideal of life—eating, smoking, lounging and sleeping—had evidently been realised. The streets were thronged with gaily-attired crowds of Filipinos—the well-dressed better class however being conspicuously absent. The soldiers, judging those with arms to be of that profession, made up the finest and most murderous-looking gang of Malay pirates we had seen for some time. The majority were sparingly attired in khaki pants and sacket—many dispensed with the latter, and not a few with the former—wearing a red rag like a Kaffir chastity apron.

All had a dash of red somewhere; in fact the headdress of the majority consisted of a red-rag bound tightly round the forehead. The trappings of the soldiers were mostly taken from Spanish prisoners or looted from Spanish garrisons; and this noisy place, filled with murderous gangs of armed

rebels, was the hitherto quiet little river-side town of Malabon; to which the jaded resident of Manila was apt to often visit, it being distant but a few miles from the capital.

At this period the brilliant victory of Admiral Dewey, with the subsequent disastrous negotiations conducted by the representative Americans with the Filipino leaders, had inflamed the minds of the people, and everywhere the natives were quitting their peaceful occupations to take up arms and swell the armies of the Insurrectos.

The American representatives whose unnecessary interference was ultimately responsible for the later rebellion against American control, never apparently considered the fact that the Filipino leaders they were inducing to return to Cavite from abroad had consented to their banishment by the Spanish on receiving a vast sum of money and pledging themselves never to take up arms against Spain again.

Somehow Aguinaldo got to Cavite. He was interviewed and addressed by American officials and returned from Singapore, but these same officials emphatically protested when the colour of Filipino rebellion had changed from anti-Spanish to anti-American that they either suggested or induced him to return. All the American officials denied having anything to do with Aguinaldo's return. Modesty is a new and becoming feature in the U.S. official as we see him in the Far East; usually the big drum is very prominent.

Malabon was one of the first towns captured by the insurgents in the vicinity of Manila, and gradually they invested the capital by seizing all the important points on land controlling it. The Spanish, who could without much difficulty have driven off the Filipino attack, were not strong enough to leave the city, considering that the American base was only a few miles distant at Cavite. They

therefore remained on the defensive protecting the lines around the suburbs of Manila, which the Filipinos incessantly attacked.

When we reached Malabon it had but recently been vacated by the Spanish and the Insurrectos had promptly taken possession. The houses of the priests were broken into and the printing press used by the ecclesiastics was enterprisingly utilised for reproducing "Army Orders," poetry, and state papers. Proclamations were numerous, and were given at Cavite—the headquarters of the Filipino and American forces—by Aguinaldo as the President of the Filipino Republic. It is strange that the representative American officials never disillusioned the rebel chief; an energetic "Press Censor" would have saved millions of dollars and thousands of lives if he had handled those early proclamations.

The Filipino Council of Malabon as a sign of further progress produced a

newspaper—a small neatly-printed eight-page sheet, called naturally *La Libertad*. The articles breathed spirit, freedom and defiance, and were but thus surpassed by the Manila papers of that period; they were all then very keen on liberty! The only people who objected to both the Spanish and Filipino interpretations of liberty were the Chinese, a few of whom we had come to rescue.

When the business of our visit had been learned, a Colonel of the forces—who, by the way, had been a “boy” but a month before to one of the party!—conducted us to the convent, which had been occupied by the forces of the Filipino Republic as their local headquarters.

What a spectacle the building presented! A crowd of Chinese cargo-coolies in a drawing-room could not have done more damage. We felt sorry for the poor nuns. We, the British Vice-Consul and myself, for he had kindly allowed me to accompany him,

were told to wait at the top of the staircase whilst the Council were notified of our presence. We were surrounded by a motley crowd of ferocious vagabonds and did not feel entirely at our ease. Liberty was a term the real meaning of which the Filipinos had never acquired during the last three centuries of Spanish rule, and we were uncertain what their interpretation of the phrase might take in. The Consul was armed with a revolver, and I also possessed a small pistol, which my genial friend the doctor of the sunken *Castilla* had lent to me, who said he never expected to see it back again, as I should be murdered or at the least robbed.

At length a barefooted orderly, armed with a Spanish cavalry sabre and a rifle with bayonet fixed, approached and announced that we might enter the "salon," where the Council were sitting. We expected to find a body of grave-looking Filipinos seated on a platform, with officers and soldiers

in attendance, waiting to receive us in state, with a desire to impress on the representative of the British Government the importance of the Filipino Republic.

Not so, however. There were two clerks, busily writing despatches in one corner of the room. Another native, apparently an officer, was seated at a small desk, and from beginning to end ignored us. A few armed natives, smoking and chattering, were scattered about the floor, and our guide led us to the middle of the room where seated, sound asleep, with his legs cocked on to an adjoining chair, snored the embodiment of Filipino freedom. This, the guide informed us, was the Mayor of the town and Commander of the Forces at Malabon. He had evidently dined, and dined well, for his white jacket was unbuttoned, displaying a very dirty vest; his head had rolled to one side, and from his mouth down his breast trickled a stream of saliva and betel nut juice.

We asked the guide whether this august personage could not be aroused. The soldier replied by immediately jabbing the butt of his rifle into the ribs of the slumbering Mayor, who, after an extra hard prod, awoke and snapped out a very choice expression in Tagalac at the guide.

This the latter smilingly ignored and introduced us to His Honour. We found him to be the ordinary type of native, very bombastic, but withal somewhat friendly towards us, and with objectionable habits. After subjecting us to a cross-examination, which our guide and an officer who came up calmly listened to, he offered us cigars. We were prepared to accept a smoke, anticipating a good brand, but when a box of worm-eaten musty cheroots was produced, we cheerfully declined, saying that we never smoked—it being injurious to the liver, and the offer of wine led us to remark promptly that we had been abstainers from our birth.

The Consul having completed his business, conversing in Tagalac and Spanish, the Mayor promising to allow the Chinese prisoners to depart the next day, we prepared to take our leave. The Mayor kept his word to an extent, inasmuch as he allowed fifty Chinese to leave the next morning, but shot five unfortunate wretches at daybreak on a charge of treason against the Republic. The other refugees gave a different reason.

Before leaving his presence, however, the Mayor showed us with evident pride two of the Filipino flags. The largest was decorated with a skull and cross-bones which we assured him we considered a very appropriate emblem. At my request the Consul asked him what he thought of the Americans, and he replied that the Filipinos all knew that the Americans had come to help them to fight the Spanish, and having captured Manila the Americans would leave after handing over the place to

the Filipino Republic to administer.

In justice to the Mayor it may be said that all the Filipino leaders were either then led to believe, or were passively allowed to believe this to be the ultimate American plan of operations. Nor apparently were the numerous proclamations, issued by Aguinaldo as the "Director-General of the Filipino Republic," ever questioned or prohibited.

We took our refugees on board at daybreak the next morning, and what was of considerable importance, we took with us a big stock of fresh provisions and fruit, that no money could then purchase in Manila, but the British community at once heard of our haul, and the provisions were soon exhausted. We were very willing again to proceed on any more trips to rescue refugees, but, unfortunately for our commissariat, without result.



Aguinaldo.

IX.

THE SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF MANILA.

THE naval battle of Manila Bay on the 1st of May, 1898, had been fought and won when H.M.S. *Immortalité* steamed into the smoke-begrimmed waters at Cavite. The American squadron under Admiral Dewey was lying off the dockyard and dismantled forts at Cavite, whilst the battered and twisted wrecks of the Spanish fleet were just visible above water, and floating around were debris from the sunken ships. It had been a fight to the finish and the Spanish fleet, a fragile one compared with that of the Americans, was shattered and submerged; some of the gunboats, however, afterwards to be floated and repaired by British engineers and take part in the protection of foreigners

generally two years later during the crisis in China. The American victory in Manila Bay was generally attributed to superior gunnery, but some who had the opportunity of inspecting the raised Spanish ships as they were being repaired in Kowloon Docks, Hongkong, state these ships were sound, and were sunk by the Spanish themselves who opened the sea-cocks. If this was actually done it was because the American fire was unbearable, and the Spanish were compelled to escape from it. The upper unsubmerged parts of the partly sunken fleet when I saw them, gave every evidence of having been through a disastrous fight.

The *Immortalité* was commanded by Captain Sir Edward Chichester, a fine specimen of a British naval commander. He was an able officer, and an action of his at Woosung a short time before showed that he was a man who could be relied upon to act with promptness and energy.

That story, though a digression, is worth repeating. It is another tribute to the ability of the Chinese military mandarin. One day the *Immortalité*, a first-class British cruiser of 5,600 tons, mounting ten six-inch and two ten-inch guns, steamed slowly into the mouth of the Woosung river and dropped her anchor near the Red Buoy. This is used by the large trans-Pacific mail steamers, whose draught is too great to permit them to go up to Shanghai. Suddenly there came from one of the Chinese forts the boom of a heavy gun, followed by a splash quite close to the cruiser. A few minutes later came another report, and this time a shot passed within fifty yards of the bow of the *Immortalité*. China was not at war with Great Britain, but at that time some street rioting had occurred in Shanghai and the Volunteers had been called out. Captain Chichester did not wait for a third shot; in ten minutes his ship was cleared for action—a smart perform-

ance—and the guns loaded and trained on the forts. Another shot, the gallant captain told me later, and he would have fired. But no more firing took place, and the *Immortalité*, a few days after, had to put out to sea to discharge her guns, as the shells could not be withdrawn.

The cause of the affair was this. A Chinese military mandarin was inspecting the forts, and would insist on having the big Armstrong guns fired across the Red Buoy. The English gunner, Mr. Murphy, told him it was impossible, as an English cruiser was right in the line of fire, but he could fire in the opposite direction. The mandarin, who knew nothing about gunnery, was obstinate, and insisted on firing the guns across the buoy. The result was as stated, and when the Mandarin saw the cruiser cleared for action and her guns run out, he was convinced that it was advisable to postpone any further practice.

Throughout the whole of the siege of Manila the *Immortalité* protected adequately British interests. She carried the largest guns of any war vessel that put in at Manila, a matter which Admiral Dewey during the period of German aggressiveness, was gratified to note.

After saluting the American Admiral at Cavite, the *Immortalité* took up a position off Manila, which she occupied till the city was taken, playing a silent but not unimportant part in the progress of affairs.

When I landed, for I had been able to cross from Hongkong in the *Immortalité*, Spanish enthusiasm ran high, in spite of the severe naval defeat which had taken place before their eyes. The city was full of soldiers, and bodies of men were coming in from the surrounding country garrisons. Active preparations were being made for the defence of the city, which was protected on the seaside by four large breach-loading guns, two or three

ancient mortars, and about one hundred brass-cannon which had done good service in defending the place a century before. The Spanish would never reconcile themselves to the possibility of the Americans bombarding the city with their fleet; such a proceeding they considered was improbable because it was "unwarlike." The Americans would attack the city by land (which they eventually did) and the Spanish soldiers would meet them on equal terms. Had Admiral Dewey desired he could have taken Manila the day after he had destroyed the Spanish fleet, for the Spanish had no guns capable of replying effectively to the American ships, the *Olympia* and *Baltimore* carrying eight-inch guns. For some unknown reason he did not elect to do so; some said it was because he had insufficient men to police the city, and maintain order. Others gave it as a reason that his orders were only to destroy and capture the Spanish fleet.

Much subsequent loss of life among the Spanish and Filipinos would have been saved, and untold suffering amongst the women and children prevented, had Admiral Dewey taken the city at once. He would also have thus prevented the ultimate rebellion of the natives against the Americans. Although the people generally chose to disregard it, the utter inadequacy of Manila to protect itself from a sea attack was recognised by General Augustin and Admiral Montojo from the beginning. The question of policing the city was merely a matter for adjustment.

Yet for seven long weary weeks, when the Insurgents surrounded the city and attacked incessantly day and night, the American squadron remained inactive at Cavite, awaiting the arrival of the American troops from San Francisco.

In that interval a step was taken, to be subsequently fraught with very disastrous consequences to the Americans. By some means or other, Aguinaldo,

who with his officers had taken an oath, supplemented with \$400,000, from the Spanish never to return to the Philippines, was communicated with in Saigon, then interviewed in Singapore, passed up to Hongkong and shipped to Cavite. This was thought to be a magnificent move at the time, but three months later it became an impossibility to discover the officials instrumental in Aguinaldo's return. Everyone denied having anything to do with his re-appearance at Cavite!

Then commenced the blundering which was to plunge America into strife with the people whose freedom she had come to secure. That seven weeks of inactivity permitted the formation of the Filipino army and the inauguration of ambitious schemes and plans for a native republic. The Americans not only did not undeceive the Filipinos in their conceptions of ultimate government, they actually encouraged them, for American representatives were present officially at

several of Aguinaldo's functions : at the demonstration at Cavite when the Declaration of Filipino Independence was publicly read and Aguinaldo elected the Governor-General. As the army of Aguinaldo increased, the Americans presenting him with arms and ammunition and assisting him generally in the arming of his forces, his power and his ambitions became greater. He issued proclamations to the Filipino people, stamped at Cavite with his seal as Governor-General. He devised and introduced a form of government, which in the decoration of its provincial officials was a plagarism of the Spanish system. The mayor was to wear gold lace, to carry a gold-headed cane, the deputy silver lace, and a silver-headed cane, and so on. All this went on, the Americans being fully cognisant of it, though every European in Manila with any knowledge of the Filipino character, foresaw clearly the ultimate consequences.

Then, having been armed, and joined by many of the Filipino regiments which had deserted from the Spanish service, the army of the Filipino Republic took aggressive action against the Spanish, driving by force of numbers the Spanish out-posts and garrisons into Manila from the surrounding towns and villages. The Filipinos were fighting against their old oppressors for their independence. They secured it—for three months, but no longer.

At the beginning of May, a week after the naval fight, the military situation was as follows:—The Spanish occupied Manila under command of Captain-General Augustin. The old city of Manila with its massive stone walls, crumbling to pieces with age, was put into a state of defence and formed the chief garrison. In time of serious attack by the Americans and their native Allies, the large civil population living in the large area of the modern city was to retreat within

the old walls, the gates to be shut and the place to be defended. This was a very good scheme of defence providing the city was adequately protected by a large modern armament on the sea-side, to combat the American fleet. But that armament was lacking, and it would have been an easy task for Admiral Dewey to have destroyed the city outside the range of the Spanish guns. General Augustin had under him a force of about 7,000 regulars, including artillery with mountain guns, and a few companies of cavalry. In addition there were several Filipino Regiments, which had previously done good work in the Spanish service, but which, in spite of episcopal blessings and exhortations, were hardly to be depended on. Most of the regiments deserted bodily when an opportunity presented itself. Volunteer companies were also organised among the Spanish and Mestizo civilians, though the term volunteer is a misnomer, as all able-bodied residents

were compelled to serve. There were between 4,000 and 5,000 sick Spanish troops in hospital, and so great was the demand for the accommodation of the sick that most of the churches were turned into hospitals. The hospital attendance generally was very bad, the mortality being great, but there were two excellent exceptions. In addition, the survivors of the naval fight were formed into a brigade, numbering about four hundred officers and men. In the subsequent fighting the naval brigade did very creditable work, the sailors individually and collectively being much superior in physique and discipline to the Spanish infantry.

Stretching across the front of Manila on the land side were numerous block-houses, held by the Spanish outlying pickets, and it was around these small buildings that the fighting raged. Until the day on which the city was surrendered to the Americans, the Filipinos never got within the Spanish lines protected by these miniature rude

forts. The block-house was a very simple affair. It was a strong wooden building with a stone or earth base, and loopholed for rifle fire. On all the roads leading into Manila was placed one of these houses, and the country being flat they commanded a good range. Some of them were armed with light field-pieces.

Most of the small outlying towns were garrisoned by detachments of Spanish troops, but they were taken one after another by the Insurgents, and the numbers of the Filipinos increasing daily they were able to attack the Spanish out-posts outside Manila on all sides. So vigorous and sudden were their attacks that the Spanish out-posts were gradually driven in until the block-houses were reached. Behind these entrenchments were made and occupied by Reserve forces with mountain guns and field-pieces, who were able to relieve the occupants of the block-houses.

The Spanish had necessarily a large front to defend, their plan being to keep the Filipinos as long as possible out of the suburbs, for once the Filipinos broke through the cordon and got possession of the houses by force of numbers the Spanish would have had to retire within the walls of the old city, and the Filipinos could have looted new Manila and done immense damage.

The Filipinos really accomplished a good deal. They drove all the Spanish into Manila, and practically laid siege to the place, allowing no provisions to pass through their lines. They took prisoners all the outside garrisons, amounting to nearly 4,000 officers and men, and, in fact, prepared everything for the Americans for an easy capitulation, supposing that the Americans disdained to use their fleet, and decided to take the city by assault on land. When the American troops took the field, which was not until two months of inactivity had elapsed

since the naval fight on the 1st of May, they were able to march right up and attack the old powder-magazine—a mile from Manila city. All the surrounding country, where the Americans could easily without native guidance have been ambushed, was thoroughly cleared by the Filipinos.

Practically, after the naval battle, the campaign became a fight between the Filipinos, now well armed, and their old oppressors—the Spanish. There is no doubt that if the presence of the American fleet and the anticipated daily arrival of American troops, had not kept the Spanish to their base, they could without much difficulty have driven off the Filipino attack. As it was, they acted solely on the defensive and replied to the irregular firing and sniping of the Insurgents with prolonged volley firing. Having vast quantities of ammunition the Spanish were able to do this and whenever a few Insurgent skirmishers revealed

their position they were treated to heavy volleys.

The Filipinos, after a while, used to draw the volleys on certain positions as a recreation, for it was impossible for the Spanish to penetrate with their glasses the thick jungle foliage. Yet the volley firing undoubtedly demoralised the Insurrectors, who declined to advance against it.

The losses on either side during the siege were not great. Both fought from under cover, the Filipinos lying prone in the jungle and the Spanish behind their block-houses and entrenchments. The shooting too was not of a quality likely to injure either side. If anything, the natives were the best shots, and only those Filipino deserters from the Spanish regiments knew much about the rifle they handled.

A personal experience of mine is a good illustration of Spanish shooting. I was one day out on the firing line at Sangaloong with the Spanish naval

advanced post. Suddenly from a thicket about six hundred yards on our left, some Filipinos opened fire, one sailor being killed. The sailors immediately took better cover and started independent firing, blazing away for about fifteen minutes, by which time the Filipinos had decamped to stir up another out-post. I happened to notice that the sailors nearest me were firing, apparently without sighting, for their fore-sights were all flat, consequently they were not likely to hit anything except the earth. I called the officer's attention to it and he shrugged his shoulders in indifference. Later he told me that, considering that seventy per cent. of the naval brigade had never handled a Mauser before they joined the fleet a few weeks previously; had received little instruction and had no opportunity for practice, their ignorance was not to be wondered at. I never saw nor heard of a rifle range being in existence in Manila, even before the war. This

officer's statement may account for the reason why the American ships suffered so little from the Spanish fire. Another officer substantiated this by saying that Spain, foreseeing the possibility of war, helped to destroy her fleet by dismanning the vessels to a considerable extent of the Filipino sailors, who knew the boats and the guns, replacing them with Spanish naval conscripts who were ignorant of seamanship and gunnery.

The insurgents were now commanded by Aguinaldo, assisted by Tirona, as his Minister of War, and Balderno, his Minister of Finance. The insurgent leader was also assisted by a number of American adventurers, who, providing they were paid well, made good soldiers, but apart from any American advice or assistance Aguinaldo had long previously exhibited exceptional ability and genius as a commander in guerilla warfare. The following brief description of his life

was furnished me at my request by the secretary of the insurgent leader :—

“Emilio Aguinaldo, President of the Filipino Republic, was born on the 22nd of March, 1869, at Cavite viejo. His education was such as the schools of the little country town were able to provide, and his life was spent in business to his 25th year, when he was elected Mayor of Cavite. For many years past the Filipino insurgents had been fighting against the sovereignty of Spain, but Aguinaldo had taken no part in the revolutionary movement. But on the 21st August, 1896, he heard that a warrant had been issued for his own arrest on the charge of complicity with the Insurgents, and he determined that he should never become a victim of the unjust accusation, so he gathered twenty of his friends around him and waited for the arrival of the warrant.

“On the 22nd, a Captain of the Civil Guard and two Sergeants appear-

ed to arrest him, and were promptly killed by Aguinaldo and his friends.

“On the 26th of August, the news of his adventure was all over the islands, and beacon lights on top of all the hills and mountains of the country gave proof that the Filipinos were ready to join Aguinaldo and accept him as a leader of the insurrection.

“On the 1st of September, 1896, the first success of the Filipinos was the taking of the little town of Imuz, with a few rifles and 2,000 rounds of ammunition, against thirty-seven Spanish civil guards. After that, Aguinaldo and his followers were almost invariably successful in their campaigns against the Spaniards and took all the towns in the islands except Manila and a few ports. On the 24th of December, 1897, peace was established between Aguinaldo and the Spaniards, under the conditions that the priests should leave the country, that civil offices be given to the natives, and that Aguinaldo

should receive \$800,000 and leave the country with forty of his followers. Aguinaldo got \$400,000, in Hongkong, but the rest of the conditions were never carried out, so the trouble started again, until the Spanish-American war broke out and Dewey took him Cavite. On the 15th of September, last year, the first session of the first Filipino Congress assembled at Malolos and elected Aguinaldo President of the Filipino Republic. In appearance, Aguinaldo is described as being slight of stature with head and features of the Chinese cast. He has, however, about his person that impressiveness which is characteristic of a great man, and is said to convince all who come in contact with him that his mental characteristics are in a great degree unusual. That he is a great man may be seen from an incident of interest which has since become widely known. Not long ago, four Spanish prisoners, whom Aguinaldo had in his service, tried to poison him by putting

arsenic in his food. They were caught in the act, and only escaped lynching through Aguinaldo's prompt protection and pardon."

At one period of the siege, the attitude of the Germans pointed to possible complications, but the spirit of being openly friendly to the Spanish and ignoring the Americans waned considerably when the Spanish fleet in the West was destroyed. It pleased many to speak disparagingly of the American victory in Manila Bay, because, they said, the Spanish were no match for their adversaries. But the Spanish did absolutely nothing, and their honour in that fight was only saved by the flagship and the spirited attack by Captain de Concha in the *D. Juan de Austria*, who rushed from the shelter of the forts to grapple with his foes. But German friendship to the Spanish became unnecessarily prominent, and in conversation once with Captain-General Augustin he emphasised to me the friendship of

Germany. The Germans were unwisely partial and displayed an active interest in matters they should have left alone. The late British Consul, Mr. Rawson Walker, told me that on one occasion he saw the Germans at midnight take crates from the wharf containing valuables, which were delivered to them under the protection of Spanish Marines and a company of horse. He personally believed the crates to contain church plate and valuables. The German launch took them in the direction of Marivales, where the German fleet was then lying. There were undoubtedly initial differences between Admiral Dewey and the Germans, which were eventually settled by the Admiral's firmness. On shore German friendship was most ostentatious, and generally paraded itself in full uniform in the Governor's carriages.

The city of Manila surrendered to the Americans two days before the American Consul-General at Hongkong was instructed to notify Admiral

Dewey and General Merritt that the protocol of peace had been signed, and they were to cease hostilities and raise the blockade.

On the 13th August, 1898, at 5.30 p.m., the American flag took the place of the Spanish ensign on the city walls. The city had surrendered without firing a gun. Four vessels of the American fleet commenced the day's proceedings by bombarding the Spanish outpost at Malate—the old powder magazine. The Spanish batteries did not reply. The garrison were driven from the magazine into the city—a mile distant, and the American troops advanced exchanging a few volleys and halting a short distance from the walls.

Admiral Dewey sent Lieut. Brumby and General Whitten ashore to demand the surrender of the city. Their mission was successful, the papers being signed a few hours later.

On the 16th August, Captain-General Augustin arrived at Hong-

kong in the German cruiser the *Kaisarin Augusta*, having left Manila with Admiral Dewey's sanction a few days before the surrender, the next in rank assuming command.

The Filipinos were not allowed to take part in the final advance on Manila, and their opposition to American authority commenced from this period.

The following explanation was issued by Aguinaldo :—

The Government of the Filipinos has concluded that they are obliged to expound the reason of the breaking off of the friendly relations with the army of the U.S. in these islands so that all can be convinced that I have done all on my part to avoid it, and at the cost of so many rights necessarily sacrificed.

After the naval combat of May 1st, the commander of the American squadron allowed me to return from Hongkong, and distributed among the Filipinos arms taken from the arsenal at Cavite, with the intention of starting anew the revolution that had settled down in consequence of the treaty made between the Spaniards and the Filipinos at Biak-na-bato, in order that he might get the Filipinos on his side.

The different towns now understood that war was declared between the U.S. and

Spain, and that it was necessary for them to fight for their liberty, being sure that Spain would be annihilated and unable to do anything to put the islands on the way of progress and prosperity.

My people saluted my return, and I had the honour of being chosen as chief for the services I had rendered before. Then all the Filipinos, without distinction of class, took arms, and every province hurried to turn all the Spanish troops outside the lines of their boundary.

So it is easy to understand how my government would have had the power over the whole island of Luzon, Visayas and a portion of Mindanao, had the Americans taken no part in the military operations here which have cost us so much blood and so much money.

My government is quite aware that the destruction of the Spanish fleet and giving of arms to them from the arsenal has helped them much in the way of arms.

I was quite convinced that the American army was obliged to sympathize with a revolution which had been thrown down so many times, had shed so much blood, and was again working for their independence, and having all confidence in tradition and history, were willing to fight for independence and the abolition of slavery until it was attained.

The Americans had won the good disposition of the Filipinos, disembarked at Parañaque, and took the position occupied by our troops, in the trenches, as far as Maytubig, taking possession as a matter of

fact of many trenches that had been constructed by my people.

They obliged the capitulation of Manila, and the city being surrounded by my troops, was obliged to give themselves up at the first attack. Through my not being notified, my troops advanced to Malate, Ermita, Paco, Sampaloc and Tondo.

Without these services in keeping the Spaniards in the city, they would not have given up so easily.

The American Generals took my advice regarding the capitulation, but afterwards asked me to retire with my forces from Port Cavite and the suburbs of Manila.

I reminded the Generals of the injustice they were doing me and asked them in a friendly manner to recognise in some expressed way my co-operation, but they refused to accord me anything. Then not wishing to do anything against the wishes of those who would soon be the liberators of the Filipino people, I even ordered my troops to evacuate the port of Cavite and all the suburbs of Cavite, retaining only one, the suburb of Paco.

After all these concessions, in a few days, Admiral Dewey, without any notice, took possession of our steam launches which were circulating, by his express consent, in the bay of Manila.

Nearly at the same time I received an order from General Otis, commander-in-chief of the army of occupation, obliging me to retire my army outside of certain lines which were drawn and given me, and in which I saw included the towns of Pandacan and the

village of Singalong which never have been termed suburbs of Manila.

In the actual sight of the two American Generals I ordered a council of my military Generals and I consulted my assistant councillors and generals, and the two bodies conformed in a desire to appoint a commissioner to see General Hughes.

The General received my commissioner in a poor way and would not allow him to speak, but I allowed it to pass, by a friendly request from General Otis, and withdrew my troops outside the given lines so as to avoid trouble and waited for the conclusion of the Peace Commission at Paris.

I thought I would get my independence as I was promised by the Consul-General of Singapore, Mr. Pratt, and it would come in a formal, assured, friendly proclamation by the American Generals who had entered these waters.

But it was not so; the said Generals took my concessions in favour of friendship and peace as indicative of debility, and with growing ambition sent forces to Iloilo with the object of taking that town, so that they might call themselves the conquerors of that part of the Philippines which is already occupied by my government.

This was a proceeding, so far from custom and the practice observed by the civilised nations, that it gives me the right to work, leaving them out of social consideration. Notwithstanding this and wishing to be correct to the last, I sent to General Otis a commissioner in charge of a request to desist



Captains of the late Li Hung Chang's Bodyguard.

from this fearful undertaking, but he refused to do so.

My government cannot remain indifferent in sight of a violent and aggressive usurpation of its territory by a people who claim to be the champions of liberty, and so it is determined to break into hostilities if the American forces intend to get, by force, the occupation of Visayas.

I denounce these doings before the world for the universal conscience with its inflexible decision. Who are the manslaughterers of humanity? Pour above their heads all the blood that will be wasted.

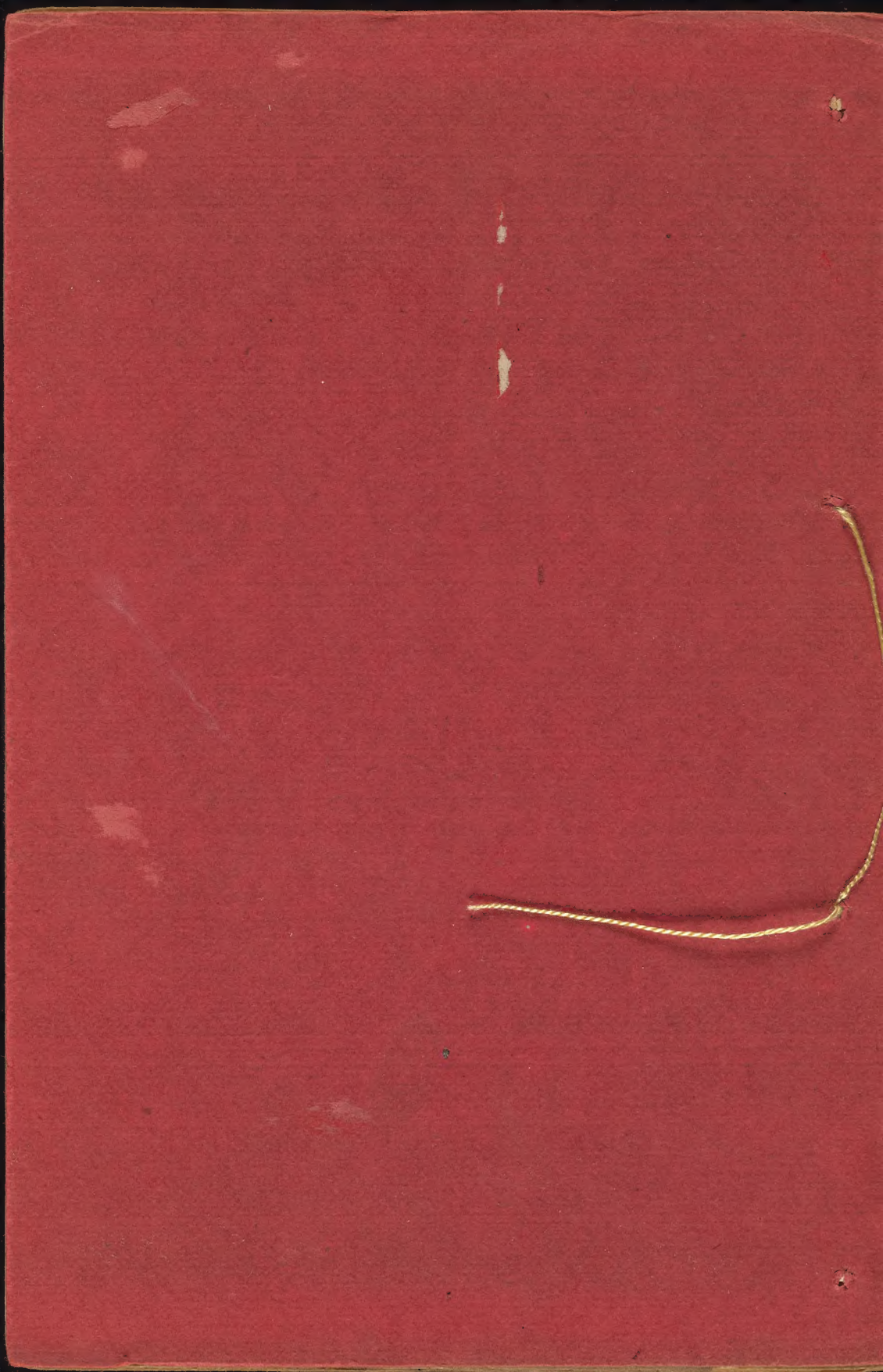
EMILIO AGUINALDO.

January 6th, 1899.

A Chinese Illustration of the Art of War.







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